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COMMENT OF THE DAY

One Weakness

A LOT of nice things have been said during the last fortnight by visitors to the British Industries Fair about the Hongkong stand. Mrs. Tree, representative of a British wholesale firm dealing in knitted garments went into ecstasies over Hongkong's knitted gloves and other apparel. Miss Audrey Russell, the noted BBC commentator was obviously more than a little impressed with the Colony's display; a London writer described the stand as the "eye-opener" in the colonial section. All of this is highly gratifying and satisfying. It shows that the Colony's manufacturers have made tremendous progress in turning out high grade goods at reasonable prices. Moreover, as the proof of the pudding is always in the eating, it can be accepted that the compliments paid were not of the idle variety, for this year produced a new record number of trade enquiries at the Hongkong stand. The Colony congratulates everyone concerned. Nonetheless there is one point which raises a query. Reports stressed that no actual business was transacted on the stand, but that there were "facilities for bringing potential buyers and firms together." These were (a) notifying firms of specific enquiries and (b) the medium of the Hongkong BIF Directory. Maybe manufacturers and traders here consider these are sufficient facilities to satisfy would-be buyers, but we cannot help feeling this aspect of the Colony's representation at the BIF could be expanded and improved. Why should there not be representatives on the stand authorized to, and capable of doing direct business with visiting buyers? Our official delegation this year was as strong, possibly stronger, as former years—men completely conversant with the technique of handling trade deals and wholly aware of the prices which the manufacturers require for their commodities and the proper margins for wholesale contracts. They should have been empowered to close firm deals, not merely to act as third parties explaining "facilities" to potential buyers. Hongkong's manufacturers would do well to give serious consideration to this sort of representation at future international trade fairs.

Granger (Army) Is HK's Footballer Of The Year

WINS POPULAR VOTE IN A COMFORTABLE MANNER

Michael ("Iron Gate") Granger, the Army goalkeeper, has been nominated for popular vote Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for 1954, and wins the China Mail Cup donated by the South China Morning Post, Ltd.

Of the 1,557 nominations submitted to the China Mail, Granger received a total of 639—more than twice as many as any other nominee.

Granger wins the coveted title, and an accompanying trophy, for being the Colony's outstanding footballer of the year, judged by individual prowess and sportsmanship on the field of play.

NATO's Ammunition Situation

Paris, May 14. Atlantic Pact forces in Europe have enough ammunition on hand to fight off an aggressor for only 19 days, a NATO spokesman said today.

Major-General George Garvin, Assistant Chief of Staff for Logistics, said this was, however, a great improvement on last year, when in some sectors there was only one to three days' supply.

He said that SHAPE, (Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe) hoped to have ammunition stocks for 40 days by the end of this year or early next.

The NATO nations have agreed to aim at a supply of 90 days—the minimum time it is estimated they would need to mobilize fully.

It would also be the time required for substantial amounts of material to reach the Continent from overseas.

Some forces, such as American troops in Germany, are already close to the three-month mark. Others are seriously deficient in some types of shells. But within a year, this is expected to balance out.—Reuter.

VOTE TO STRIKE

New York, May 14. More than 6,200 Pan-American Airways employees have voted to strike for higher wages and shorter hours, the CIO Transport Workers Union announced today.

No date was set for the proposed walkout.—United Press.

Film Star Suffers Great Pain

Madrid, May 14. Ava Gardner, the American film star who is ill with kidney trouble, had a bad night and was unable to sleep. It was stated at her nursing home here today.

Miss Gardner's sister said yesterday that the star was "in terrific pain" after being taken ill on Wednesday.

The nursing home, the Sanatorio Ruber, in one of Madrid's most select residential districts, said she got some sleep this morning.

Miss Gardner was to have flown to New York today, but cancelled her booking after falling ill. Her sister said she hoped to travel on Tuesday.—China Mail Special.

Important Decision Postponed

Paris, May 14. France today postponed a decision on reinforcements for Indo-China until America replies to her request for a new pledge of support.

The French Ambassador in Washington, M. Henri Bonnet, was instructed by the French Foreign Office to press the Department today for an answer to a proposition put forward by France on Tuesday—that the United States should guarantee the inviolability of certain zones in Indo-China. Without it, the French are reluctant to increase their Indo-China commitments.

The French Committee of National Defence met twice today to consider what M. Joseph Laniel, the Prime Minister, called "draconian measures," but took no decision, and merely announced that it would meet again tomorrow (Saturday).

A meeting of the Cabinet, fixed for Saturday, was postponed.

In Washington, it was authoritatively stated that the United States had responded favourably to a French proposal for immediate joint talks on what conditions would warrant American intervention in Indo-China. These talks may begin in a few days.

ARRESTED RED SHIP SAILS

London, May 14. The Soviet ship, Belostrov, taking home two Russian diplomats expelled from Britain for attempted espionage, sailed for Leningrad tonight after being delayed by a damages claim against her owners.

The 3,800-ton ship was arrested by a British Admiralty Marshal a few minutes before she was due to sail at midday.

The owners of the Dutch ship, Marvic, claimed for damage suffered in a collision with the Belostrov in the Kiel Canal in October 1952.

Late this afternoon, after a bond had been posted to cover the claim, the Belostrov's master, Captain Nikolov, was told he was free to sail on the night tide with the two diplomats, Majors Ivan Pupyshov and Andrei Gudkov.—Reuter.

SECRET INDO-CHINA PEACE TALKS

New Phase In Discussions Opens Next Monday

SOME PROGRESS MADE

Geneva, May 14. The nine-nation Indo-China peace talks will go into secret session on Monday after concessions made today by both Russia and France at the fourth plenary meeting of the conference in the Palace of Nations.

The secret session was arranged on British initiative in an effort to bring the delegates to grips with the urgent problem of ending the seven-year war.

Russia proposed at today's session that a neutral commission should supervise an Indo-China armistice. This was immediately welcomed by Western delegates and a Chinese Communist spokesman said the Indo-China conference "is making progress."

Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, who made the neutral commission proposal, announced East-West agreement to transfer the negotiations to secret session at the end of today's three-hour meeting. This course was urged earlier today by Mr Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary.

Tonight, the Chinese spokesman said the decision to hold a secret session on Monday "indicates that the discussion of the Indo-China problem is entering a more concrete phase."

While both East and West nations act "individually or collectively," the Soviet amendment deletes the word "individually." It is thought that what Mr Molotov had in mind were recent reports that a Western sponsored Southeast alliance would supersede a peace settlement in Indo-China from the Western side and that he wanted to ensure Communist representation in any guaranteeing body.

Mr Molotov was quick to exploit the disagreement in the Western ranks about whether the political future of Indo-China should be agreed simultaneously with a military armistice.

He insisted that it was "impossible" to separate the two aspects of the problem.

France, backed by her British and American allies, maintains that the first aim of the conference must be to agree on a military armistice. But Vietnam, biggest of the three Associated States and the most involved in the war, demands that a political settlement must be reached at the same time as a military truce.

Mr Bidault, today flouted the Vietnam view by saying that in France's opinion, a ceasefire should not be delayed by political negotiations.

None of the Western powers believes it is possible to achieve a satisfactory political solution there, according to authoritative sources. One of the biggest fears that may shortly confront them, therefore, will be to convince the Vietnamese partners in the French Union of the overriding necessity of stopping the fighting.—Reuter.

An All-Time Record

London, May 14. The number of business enquiries recorded on the Hongkong stand at the British Industries Fair was an all-time record.

When the Fair closed tonight, 638 buyers from Britain and overseas had asked to be put in touch with manufacturers whose goods they had seen on the stand. This was 78 more than last year—its record year for business initiated at the BIF.—Our own correspondent.

Loyal Address To Queen

London, May 14. Sir Winston Churchill will ask the House of Commons on Monday to send an address of loyal and affectionate welcome to Queen Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, on their return from their Commonwealth tour.

Mr Clement Attlee, Labour leader, and Mr Clement Davies, Liberal leader, will support the proposal.

The Prime Minister's trip to-night to greet the Queen aboard the Royal yacht Britannia revived some speculation, and whether he will inform her in the near future of his intention to retire from the direction of the Government.

Some time ago, political prophets expressed confidence that Sir Winston Churchill had planned to give up office soon after the Queen came back. But such reports have been less frequent in recent weeks, in which Sir Winston Churchill has been remarkably active, showing much of his House of Commons form, though now only six months from his 80th birthday.

His friends say he is in excellent health, and he is known to be as active as ever in the control of government affairs.

Such questions as his retirement from the premiership will certainly be excluded from his talks with the Queen and the Duke aboard the Royal yacht, which Sir Winston Churchill is visiting at Queen Elizabeth's express invitation.—Reuter.

Bombers Blast Rebels In Caves

Easing Pressure On Phuly

Hanoi, May 14. French fighter planes and bombers blasted enemy hideouts in Gibraltar-like limestone caves south of the Day River today in an attempt to ease the pressure on the important Red River delta town of Phuly.

After several hours of calm, Vietminh troops renewed probing attacks on a small fortified village one mile south of Phuly, 35 miles south of Hanoi, an anchor town on the French western defenses of the delta.

Crossing the Day River in sampans and rafts, during the night, enemy infantry tried to break into the village. But the rebels were thrown back in short but bitter fighting. French military sources reported.

The Vietminh are believed to have 15 battalions, approximately 12,000 men, based in dripping limestone caves on the right bank of the Day River, ready to jump into battle whenever General Vo Nguyen Giap commands.

PROTECTIVE TERRAIN
Loaded with 1,000-lb delayed action bombs and napalm, French bombers and fighters dived low in an attempt to root out the enemy units but the terrain and the vast and well-protected natural caves of the Day River region made effective air action difficult, the French admitted.

Phuly lies across the main road between Hanoi and Namdinh where the French Command for the south delta forces is set up.

If the Vietminh could take Phuly, it would cut the French northern and southern delta command in two.

The French believe that the large-scale assault on Phuly, which started on Tuesday night, was a Vietminh effort to probe in strength French defenses on the western fringes of the delta.

Several sporadic small-scale actions were reported in the neighbourhood during the past week.

Far to the south, Vietminh troops tried to topple French defenses in the Phan Rang area, which lies approximately 101 miles east of Saigon, on the Indo-Chinese coast.—United Press.

Hanoi, May 15. The French High Command announced here last night that 18 wounded were evacuated by helicopter from the lost fortress of Dien Bien Phu yesterday despite a delay caused by bad weather.—Reuter.

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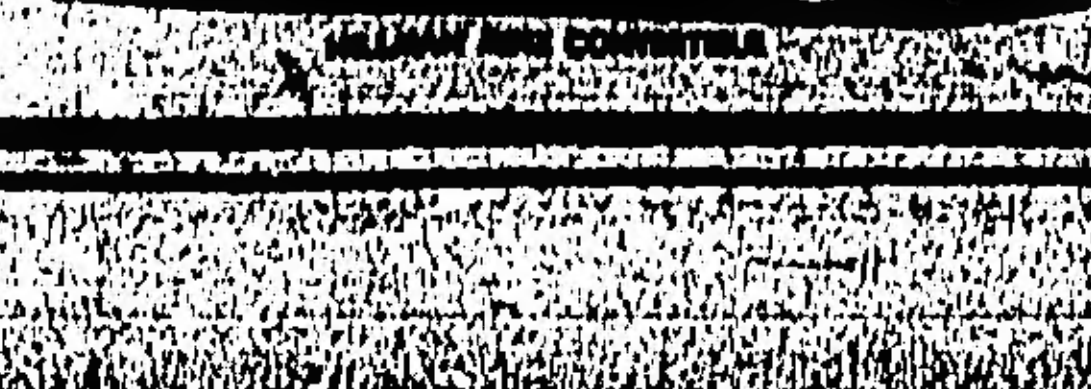
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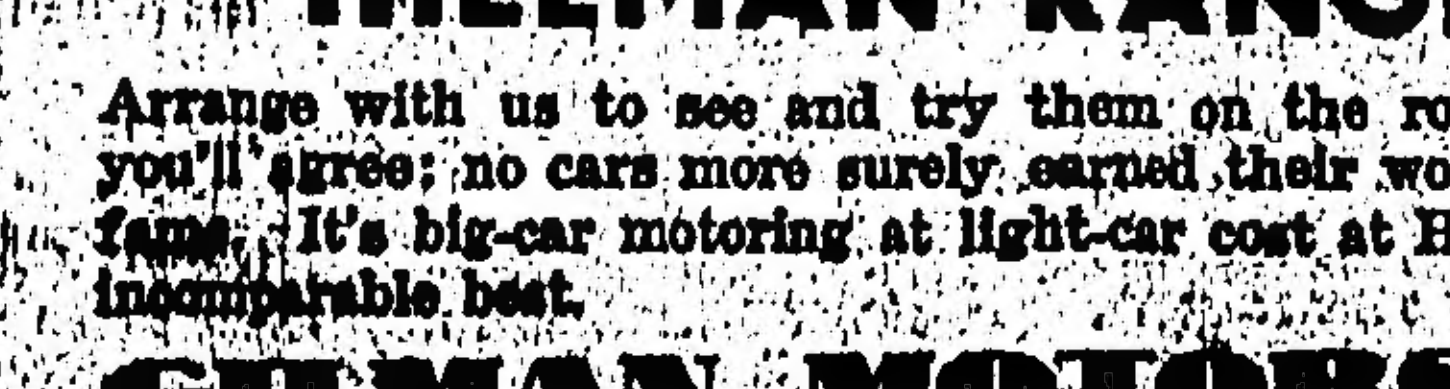
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the same actress," says Ophelia. "I certainly do see. Urinov is a man of many parts, but I don't think the sleeping beauty is one of them."

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Interesting News Stories from All Parts of the World

What They Are Inventing Today

Care to take a spin on a helium-levitate obstacle-vaulting velocipedet?
Or to try dancing on a dance floor that changes in colour from red to yellow or blue as the tone of the music changes?
Or what about giving junior a pair of socks on his first birthday and watching him graduate from college in them 20 years later?

Those are some of the things you can do if you believe all—or even half—of what 592 amateur but eager inventors will tell you at the 42nd Concours Lépine.

The Concours Lépine is the gathering where aspiring inventors, young and old, can bring their brain children every year for display in the hope that some manufacturer will recognize their talent.

These run all the way from anti-headlight rear window curtains, which raise and lower automatically when bright light strikes the window, to the "anti-aggression tank."

The latter is not, as many visitors to Paris would hope, a secret weapon for protection against madmen at the wheel of taxis. The anti-aggression tank is designed to protect the cabin from his passenger.

24 Hours A Day Fishermen

Sixteen fishermen were busy catching four-two-eight-pound fish at Mississquoi Bay recently, in a net only by a 4,000-fish-per-day bag "limit."

But it wasn't for fun. The job of these experienced fishermen, who worked almost 24 hours a day, was to catch some 60,000 of the dore species, for exportation from the northern Lake Champlain area to the lakes and rivers of the province of Quebec.

The operation was carried out by the biological institute of the University of Montreal under the supervision of Louis Roch Soguin, head of the Eastern Townships hatchery and Joseph Guindon, director of Lac Beauport hatchery, with the cooperation of the provincial department of fish and game.

The operation of switching the fish began at Venice, Mississquoi Bay. The fishermen dropped huge nets several hundred feet from the shore and dragged them in by the motor. Fishermen reported they caught from 25 to 100 dore on each cast besides other "lower class fish" (perch, catfish, etc.) which they threw back.—United Press.

Paris.

In this odd-shaped buggy, the passenger sits in front so the driver can watch for any sign of "aggression." If the passenger is foolish enough to make a hostile gesture, the cobbler punches a small button on his instrument panel and a cast iron plate falls on his client's head with stunning—but not fatal—force.

FOR MOTHER

For mother, the inventors offered expandable knitting needles, hygienic candle holders for birthday cakes, endless-stretch children's socks that grow with the feet, and a transformable kitchen table.

The inventor of the last was too shy to tell anyone what his table would transform into—a chair? a refrigerator? a couch? It might be any of these, to judge from his veiled hints.

Junior can explore the bottom of his bathtub with a scale-model bathysphere. Or he can improve his mind with an esperanto crossword puzzle.

It is in an alcove designated for curiosities that the exhibition offers some of the most ingenious and doubtful inventions.

Take that velocipedet. It looks like an overgrown bicycle and is equipped with packages, balloons and a tank of helium. If you come to a stream where the bridge is out, you just inflate your balloons and float over.

The sympathetic dance floor involves an electronic device which controls built-in lights to change the colour according to differences in tempo and modulation of the music.

Finally there is one invention that will might revolutionize the dining table—a whirling spaghetti fork.—United Press.

CHECK!

Washington. Banking history of a sort was made by a seven-year-old Washington boy who recently undertook to check the solvency of his bank.

Alfred C. Peterson, the young "bank examiner," has been periodically depositing his savings in a local bank. After a year or so of odd jobs—and steady depositing—his bank book showed \$183.

But Alfred wanted proof—he wanted to see the money. He persuaded his mother to take him to the bank where he presented his case to a sympathetic teller. He was admitted to the teller's cage where \$183 in cash was shown him.

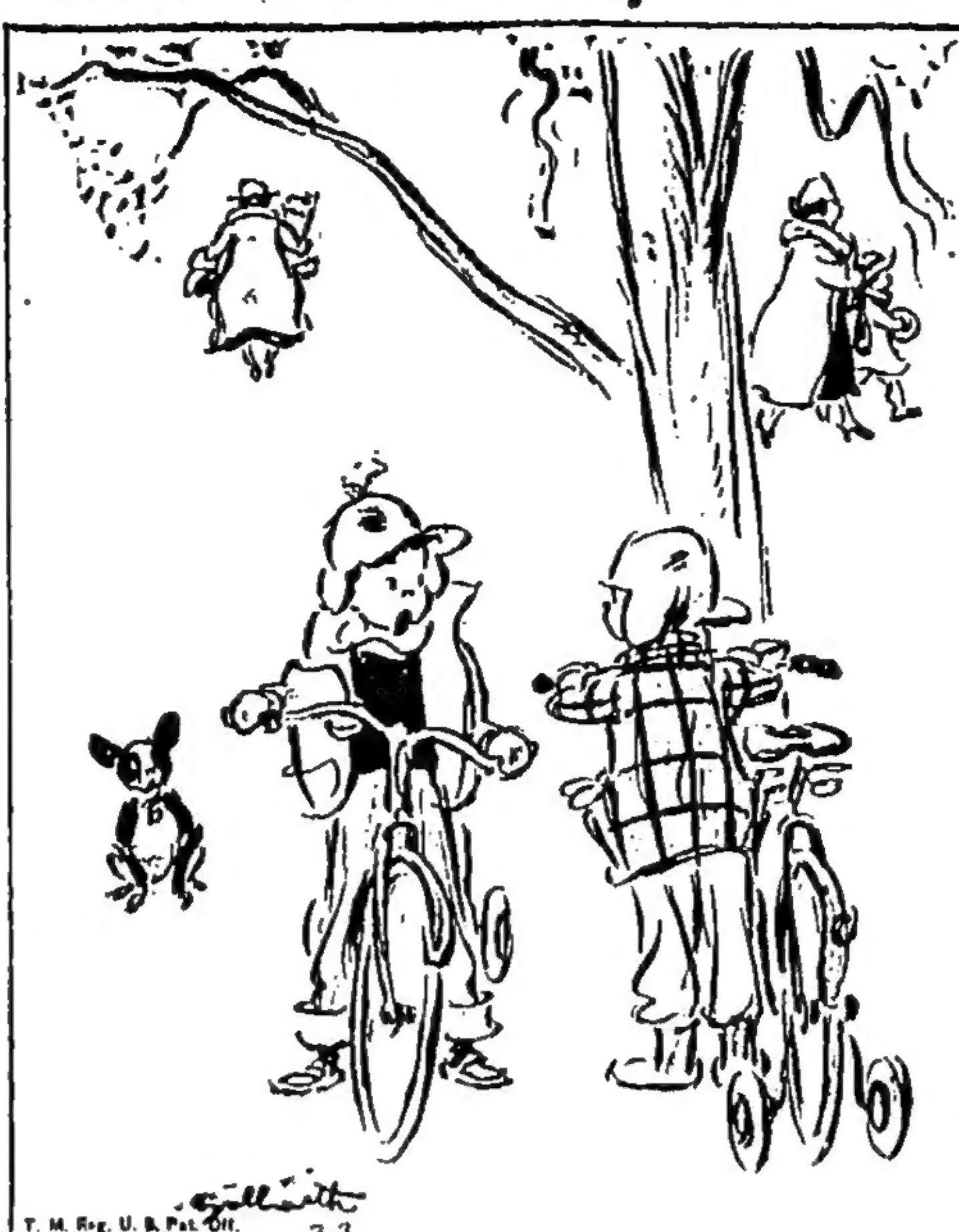
The boy counted it out carefully, expressed his confidence in the bank and left. Bank officials said it was their first such experience.—United Press.

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"My Uncle Ed can ride a two-wheeler with no hands—and he's only nine years old!"

THEY'VE HIT THE JACKPOT WITHIN THREE YEARS

New York.

Just six years ago two young men who had cast off good jobs to become theatrical producers were wondering if they would ever get together the \$178,000 needed to put on their first attraction. In fact, they continued to worry during most of the summer of 1946.

Now, three productions later, Cy Feuer and Ernest H. Martin are the hottest producing combination in the musical field. Recently "Can-Can" became their third show to run at least a year on Broadway, during which it never had an unsold seat and played to a gross of \$2,676,021.

"Three shows in six years may not seem like much activity," said Martin. "But don't forget we have also been involved in tours and London reproductions of our other shows. Besides, to get the right talent together for a big musical these days takes at least a year of planning."

The team's first production was "Where's Charley?", the musical version of "Charley's Aunt" starring Ray Bolger. It played Broadway for almost two years after its debut in October, 1946, and toured extensively.

Their next production was the famous "Guys and Dolls," based on Damon Runyon's characters, which ran three years in New York and will round out one year in London on May 28.

"And the third, 'The Band Wagon,' recently was purchased for the movie by Samuel Goldwyn at a record price—\$1,000,000 plus, the plus depending upon a percentage of the film's gross.

"If all goes well, we should have three attractions on Broadway at Christmas," Martin said. "Can-Can" will still be around. We'll open "The Boy Friend" at the Royale in September. "Silk Stockings" goes into rehearsal in October. "The Boy Friend" is an intimate musical hit we're importing from London. We'll import 40 per cent of the cost of about 22, the director and the dance director. That won't take too much of our time, since we're working with an established property.

1920'S STYLE

"I hope it will be a lot of fun. It's done completely in the style of the musicals of the 1920's. I know we've seen a number of samples of such parody on our stage in recent years, but I think this one will be different because it doesn't strain for an exaggerated effect. It's the work-book, lyrics, music—of a new young English writer, Sandy Wilson.

"On the other hand 'Silk Stockings' is one of those projects on which we've worked a long time. George S. Kaufman and his wife, Lucerne McGrath, have based the book on that Greta Garbo movie of 1934, 'Ninotchka.' They've finished their work and Cole Porter has completed about 13 of the songs. "We've signed Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche for the leading roles. The basic idea is the same as that of the movie—the Westernizing of a woman Soviet official—but the plot mechanics and much of the characters are completely different."—United Press.

Canada's Wonder Horse

Calgary.

Canada's wonder-horse, Bouncing Buster, still is making high jumps that would do credit to his great grandchildren.

Buster, owned by Lilla Gord Stables of Brandon, Manitoba, took the five-foot jumping stakes and was champion jumper of a recent horse show at Calgary at an age when he should be living out his last days in a lazy pasture. Buster is 24 years old, which would be comparable to a man of about 65 winning a high jump.

This ancient competitor was purchased along with two other yearlings by Winnipeg Industrialist Walter Kane in 1931.

In trucking the three yearlings to the Kane ranch, a horse fell off the truck and had to be destroyed. Kane sold the second colt and decided to keep Buster as his private saddle horse.

At that time, Kane owned the Cambridge riding school in Winnipeg. A veteran horseman, he broke out Buster as a three-year-old, but pressure of business did not leave too much time for riding and Buster spent most of his time in the stable.

However, a riding instructor at the school, Josie Welsh of Calgary, asked Kane to allow him to school Buster as a jumper. From the time he was four until he was 12, Buster campaigned over the Canadian horseshow circuit with Welsh doing the riding.

ALL-TIME HIGH

Welsh set an all-time mark of six feet six inches with Buster in high jump contests. In 1941, Welsh moved to Alberta to go into the dud ranch business and Kane disposed of his string of jumpers.

Kane saw Buster perform many times. When the horse had reached the age of 20, Kane thought he was showing signs of wear and should be retired. Kane tried to put him back, but the Williamsons steadfastly refused to sell.

The old trouper has won more than 200 ribbons, and in his old age is acquiring the temperament of a veteran showman. For a full horse, he will go all-out for a flawless performance. But for a small crowd, he gets lazy and won't jump at all.

Western horsemen are wondering how long Bouncing Buster can continue to bounce. Mrs. Williamson says she has no intention of retiring him as long as he can still win ribbons. Bouncing Buster himself is showing no signs of weakening—at least when he is playing for a big crowd.—United Press.

BREVITIES ABOUT BRITAIN

London. Engineer W. Harold Johnson dampened somewhat Britain's pride in their fast sports cars by pointing out that a stock model American Stanley Steamer did 127 miles in an hour in 1906....

William Shakespeare left no direct descendants but Harold Shakespeare Hart claims to be 11th in descent from Joan Hart, the playwright's sister....

Buckingham Palace has been spring cleaned for the return of Queen Elizabeth. The palace was built in 1703 by one of history's most fascinating characters, the Duke of Buckingham, very good friend of Queen Anne.

King Charles I sent him off in an expedition in a rotten ship expecting he would drown. He didn't. He wrote his own epitaph: "I live doubtful but not dissolute."

There have been 60 murders at the Ostrich Inn at Colnbrook, an ancient coaching hostelry. It claims the record....

Harvard's announcement that its new radar station will be able to bounce messages off Mars recalls that in 1919 the Post Office once accepted a three word radio message "In an unknown language" to Mars. A Dr. Robinson paid four shillings sixpence (82 cents) for the message which was dispatched into space on 18,240 meters. No reply yet.—United Press.

Is It A Record?

Nashua, N. H. Lucien Boucher wants to know if we've set some kind of record. Mrs. Boucher gave birth to three daughters in 11 months. Twins were born 11 months after the first daughter.—United Press.

Terrorised By Huge Rat

Taipei.

Sing Lin-tao has complained to the police of a giant man-defying rat which has terrorised his family.

Sing told police officials he borrowed a full-grown, vicious cat from a neighbor and sent him after the rat in the rafters. Seconds later the cat dashed screaming from the scene bleeding at both ears. "I knew my wife and children were afraid of this monster," Sing said. "But I did not think the cat would be afraid. I have a problem here."—United Press.

Learning How To Please The Ladies

Toronto. Grocers in Toronto have gone back to school to learn the tricks of pleasing the ladies. The course in modern merchandising methods teaches the men in white aprons how to arrange one-layer displays of oranges—so the ladies who invariably want the oranges in bottom row won't pull down the white pyramid—and how to put foam rubber under peaches so the hurled-back rejects won't be smashed.

It also includes lessons in how to trim the cabbage, lettuce and celery the way the housewives want them. Otherwise, the unhappy grocers reported, the housewives trim them themselves in the bins, throwing the extra leaves on the floor.

The grocers say there is also a technique to arranging colours for maximum sales. Cucumbers sell much better when they are arranged between the grapefruit and peaches.

About 180 grocers took the eight-hour courses.—United Press.

Any Suggestions?

Tullahoma, Tennessee. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dameron, parents of Judy, Joe, John, James, Gerald, Maude, Jazelle and Justin, were alarmed for names for their new-born twins.—United Press.

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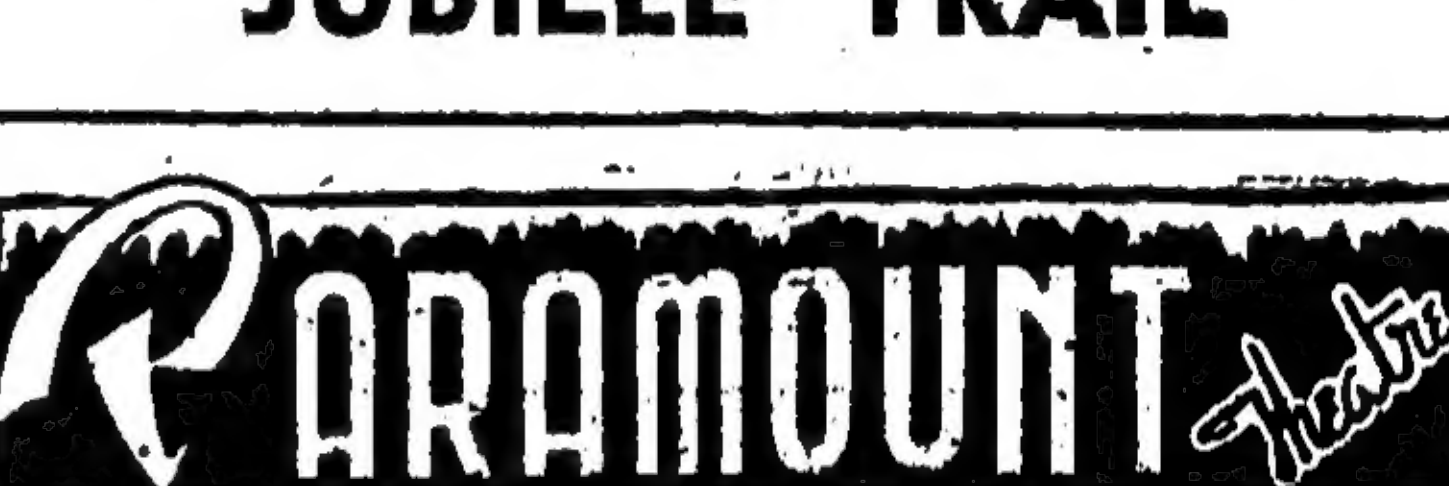
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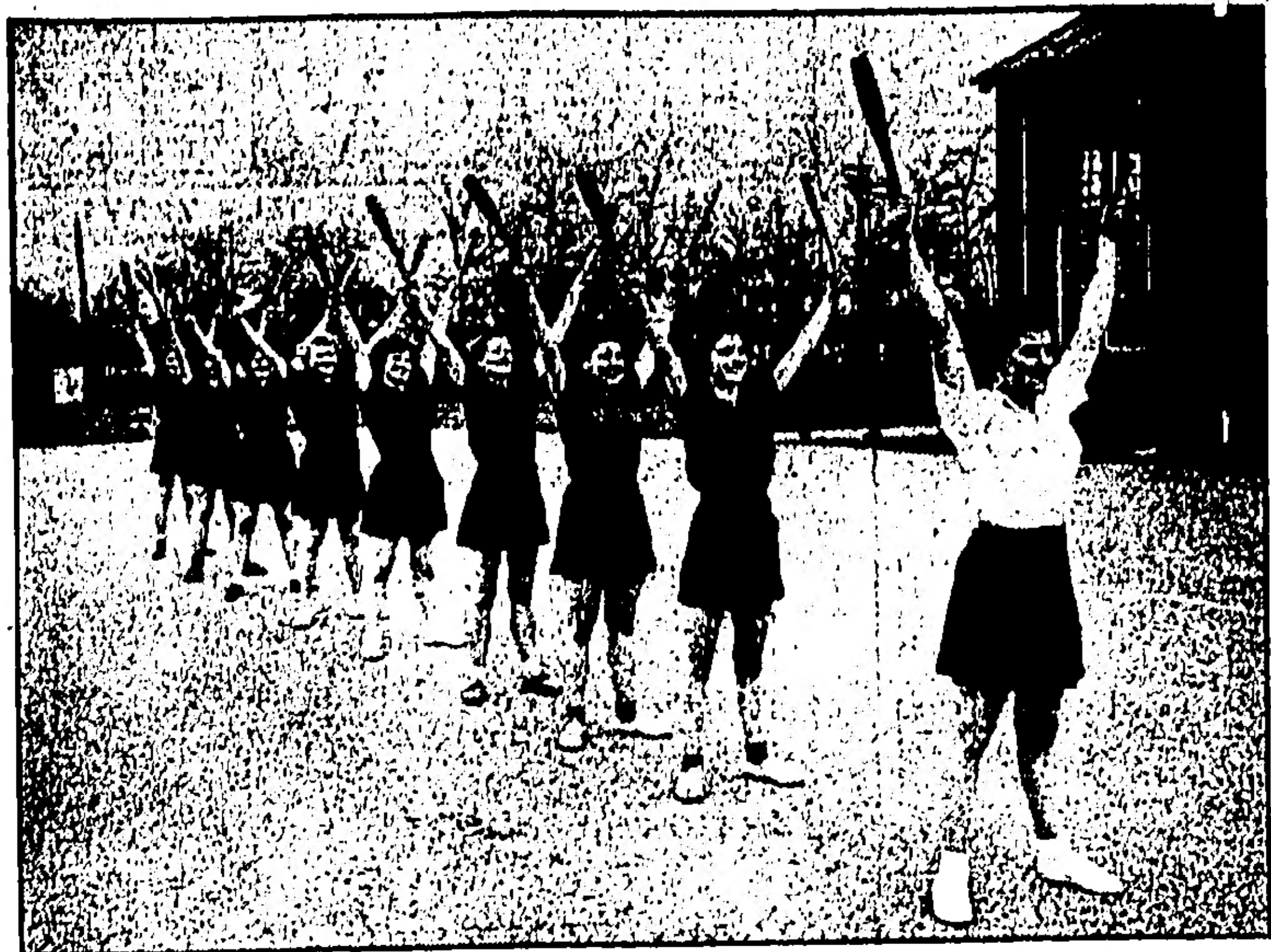
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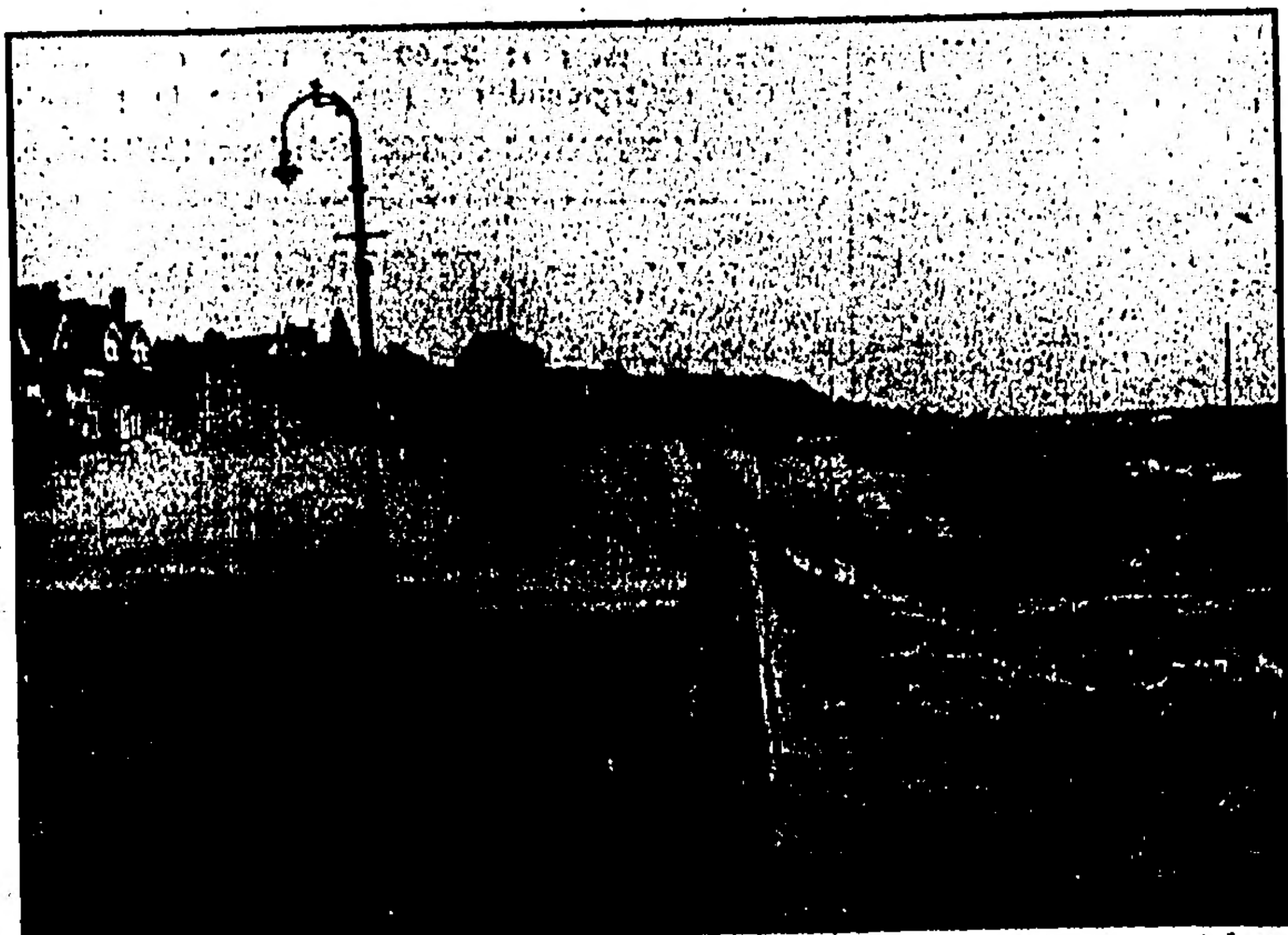
A trim line of Women's Royal Army Corps girls at their Guildford Depot follow the lead of their instructor, Cpl Glen Paxton (in white blouse) as they practise for the club swinging display in which they will take part at the Royal Tournament beginning on June 2.



A helicopter taking off from Burton Court, Chelsea, in the heart of London, with Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, on board. He was flying to see the Royal Dragoons at Tidworth, on Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire. (Express)



THESE three pretty models, accompanied by daintily trotting poodles, make a pleasant change from the usual solid sandwichmen who plod the London streets. The girls are (from left) Fleur Taylor, 21, Norma Maden, 20, and Eve Vit, 24. (Express)



GALE-LASHED seas swept against Britain's coastal defences last week and broke through in some places. This picture was taken at Westcliffe-on-Sea, on the Essex coast. Waves flooded over the promenade and into the town. Boats broke loose from their moorings and smashed against the seawall. The cabin cruiser, seen here, was a total loss. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



A general view of the Pool of London, showing Tower Bridge. This will be the setting for the Royal return to London today, when Her Majesty the Queen and other members of the Royal family will transfer from the Royal yacht, Britannia, to the Royal Barge for the trip to Westminster.



QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother smilingly congratulates Miss Margaret Hough on winning the individual championship in the three-day Badminton horse trials. She rode Bazabi V. (Reuterphoto)



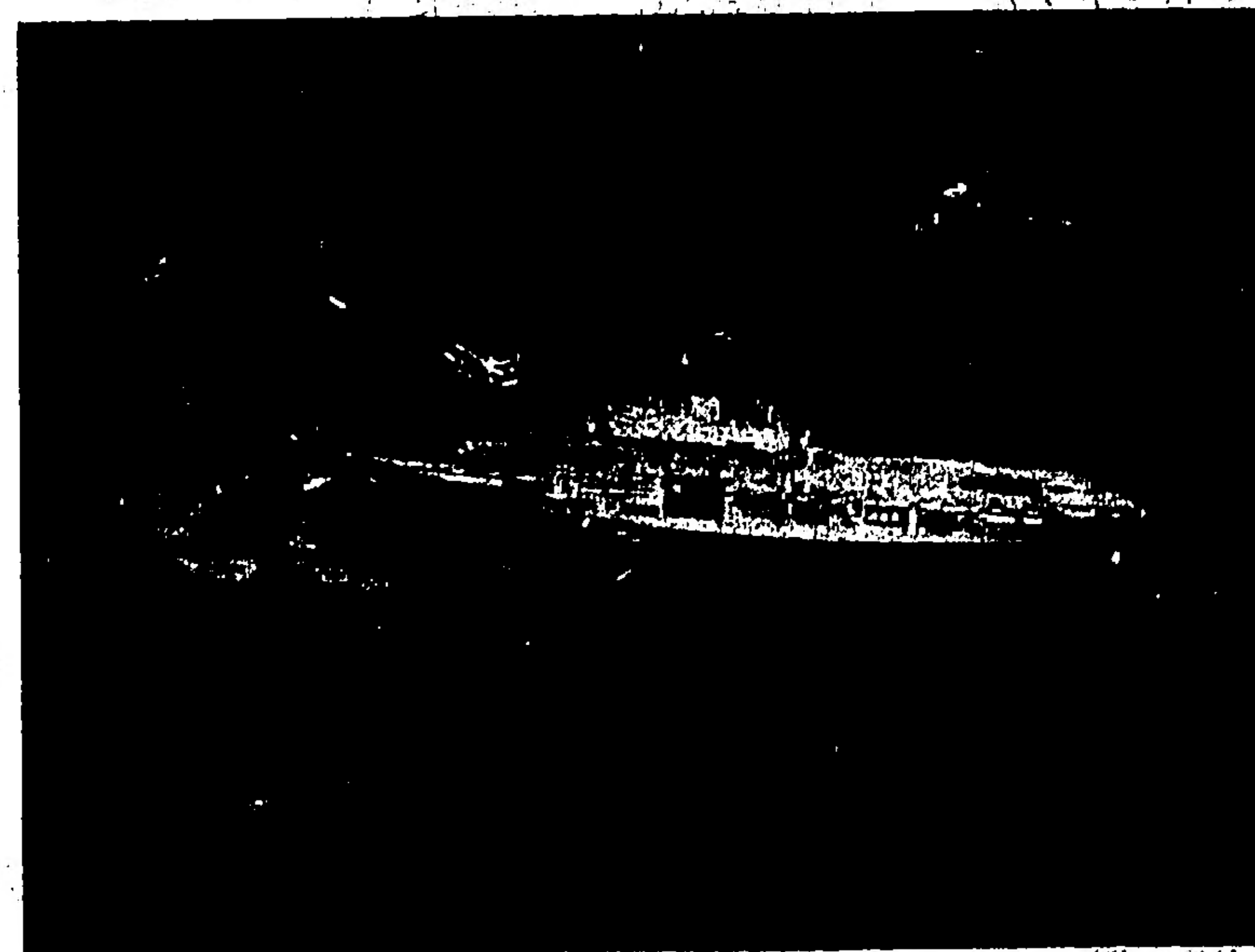
MAKING a last-minute adjustment to the equipment on a model of Sir Edmund Hillary on the Everest stand at the British Industries Fair in London is commercial artist Mr Richard Dendy, who designed the display piece. Next to it is a model of Tensing. (Reuterphoto)



SOIL and seeds from the Imjin River banks was brought home from Korea by the comedian, Charlie Chester, for Mr and Mrs William Hilton, of Heywood, Lancashire, who plan to grow a plant as a memorial to their son killed on the Imjin. Mrs Hilton is seen scattering the seeds of the Cosmos flower in Heywood cemetery.

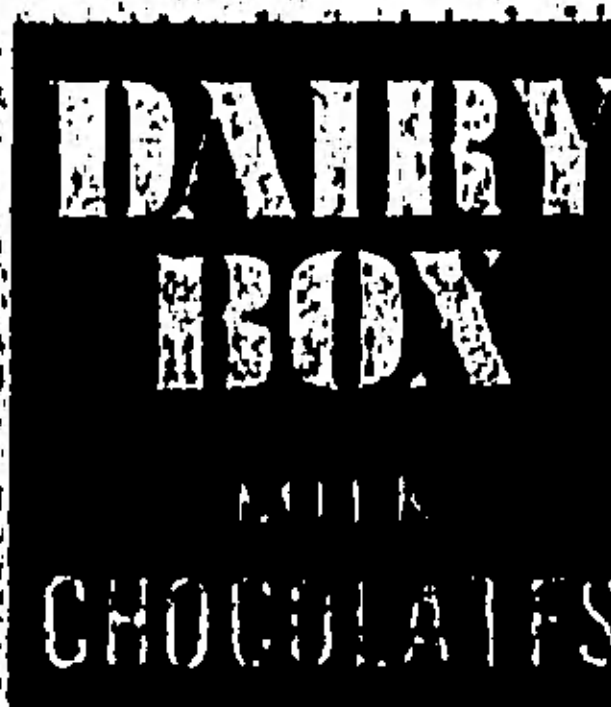
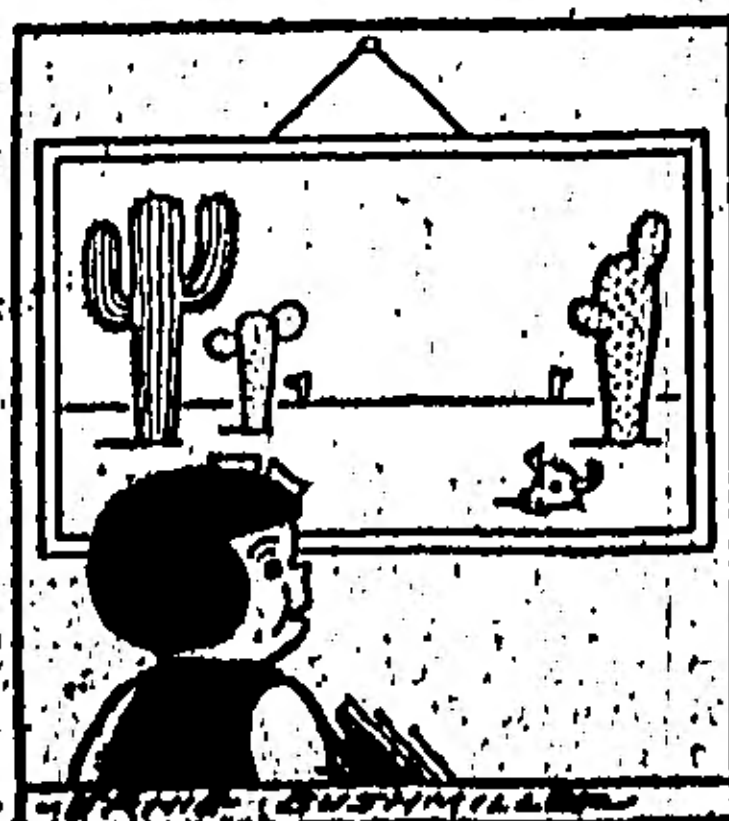


DR Hewlett Johnson, the Dean of Canterbury, chats with members of the Moscow State Dance Company after their performance at London's Stoll Theatre. The 29 girls of the Company are specialists in precision. They are taught by a former ballerina, Nadezhda Nadezhkina. (Express)



VIEW of Britain's new £25,000,000 aircraft carrier, HMS Ark Royal, as she slips quietly from Cammel Laird's Birkenhead shipyard to cross four miles to Gladstone Dock for the fitting of propellers in readiness for her trials next month. The 36,000-ton vessel has taken 10 years to build.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



"If I'd painted it on a horse and signed it 'Munnings' they'd have accepted it."

The Royal Academy Summer Exhibition opens tomorrow.
London Express Service

JOHN JECKWAY HAS A FASCINATING HOBBY

By TOM EYTON

JOHN Jeckway is a "ham." That doesn't mean he's a bad actor—simply that he is an amateur radio enthusiast. When all sensible people are in bed, Jeckway picks up his microphone and talks to the world. He holds the delicate instrument lovingly as he speaks, and no one can interrupt him until he stops to switch on the receiver. What a boon to a married man.

The homely voice of tall, thin Southampton-born Jeckway has been heard all over the world. From sunny Singapore to the frozen wastes of Alaska... from the democratic United States to the countries behind the Iron Curtain... from stately, traditional England to the roof of the world, mysterious Tibet. In all these places, men and women too, have listened to Johnny Jeckway chatting about Homecoming weather and the latest football scores in England.

It is an unwritten rule among all amateur radio enthusiasts—and there are 150,000 in the world—that subjects such as politics, religion and business should not be discussed over the air. This makes a chat between two "hams" separated by thousands of miles, sound rather like small talk at a cocktail party. But let's be fair to the "hams"—they are con-

vinced by law and not by nature to talk about the weather. Now there is a lot more to this amateur radio hobby than meets the eye. It might seem rather silly for a man to spend the early hours of the morning talking to somebody he has never seen in his life before, but just try it once and you get quite a kick out of it. I spent 15 minutes talking to Jim Swinbourne, an engineer in Singapore, and when I paused to listen to his voice coming through loud and clear, even though he was 2,000 miles away, I realized there was more to being a "ham" than I had previously thought.

Amateur radio is not just a useless hobby. It has proven, and still is proving, itself as a vital means of communication when all authorized channels have failed. Remember heroic Kurt Carlsen, the intrepid skipper of the Flying Enterprise, who fought against odds to save his crippled ship when she sank off the coast of England in January 1932?

EMERGENCY

CARLSEN'S only means of communication was through "hams," and John Jeckway treasures a card sent to him by Carlsen. Another example of contact through amateur radio was the famous Kon-Tiki expedition, which throughout its perilous journey across the Pacific kept in touch with the civilised world by amateur radio.

Mr Jeckway was also able to help in an emergency quite recently when the first batch of war prisoners came from Korea. One man had been reported missing, and was presumed to be killed. His parents in Eng-

land, greatly distressed by the news, had no idea that their son was alive and on his way home to them. The soldier was anxious not to cause his parents any distress, and he wanted to let them know he was safe as soon as possible. But how? John Jeckway had the answer. In a matter of minutes he was through to a "ham" in the boy's home town. He gave him the news and the "ham" raced away to get the soldier's parents, who were later to speak to their son, believed dead, over the radio.

The relief and pleasure which the POW and his parents must have felt at that moment must have been ample reward for all John Jeckway's efforts.

A SHOCK

IF you enter Mr Jeckway's attractive flat and are ushered into the room where he keeps his box of tricks, you will get quite a shock. You step from an ordinary well-kept flat into a fantastic jungle of wires and cords, of valves and batteries, of old second hand wireless equipment and noise... high pitched, whining sounds and screeches... then comes the biggest shock of all, when a cultured voice says "This is Alaska..." and you just stand and wonder.

Mr Jeckway obliged me with a wonderfully technical description, and so too did Mr Swinbourne from Singapore, but I still haven't a clue what it was all about. In one corner stands a fair-sized box with all kinds of wires leading from it. This is the receiver, through which messages are received. Opposite stands another box which sends out the voice



Mr Jeckway looks on as his young daughter tries out her voice

prise shikling with a tiny figure still gallantly clinging to the dock.

The days of communication with Communist-dominated countries is over. It was as far back as 1931 that Russia allowed her people to talk freely to the outside world. China also banned amateur radio communication that same year. It is still possible to speak to the Communist countries, but as for a reply... well, to quote Mr Molotov's famous word the answer is "No."

There are "hams" all over the world, and for those interested in figures there are 150,000 in the world, 100,000 in the U.S.A., 4,000 in the United Kingdom, and 25 in Hongkong. And a gentleman by the name of N. Chakravarti, of an Indian Mission in Tibet, also talks to the world from his lofty outpost.

"Hams" have a system of call signs. For instance: "88" means "Love and kisses," "YL" means that the "ham" is a young lady—no doubt an added inducement for communication. "XVYL" means "wife" and "73" means "best regards."

UP AT 2

AMATEUR radio is not the sort of hobby that you take up whenever you have a quiet hour to spare. You must do it at a time when conditions are best suited. For instance, the best time to communicate with England is at 2 o'clock in the morning, which means that the wife of a "ham" has a great deal to put up with.

Mrs Jeckway was non-committal on the subject, yet her general attitude seemed to be one of approval. After all, she benefits substantially by her husband's hobby, for it enables her to talk regularly to her mother in England.

Mr Jeckway's pretty little daughter has also tried her voice over "wires," and Mr Jeckway recalled her speech to her brother when she was awakened late at night to come and say "Hello, I am so tired, I'm going back to bed, goodbye."

A missionary in New Guinea has ample reason to be grateful to Mr Jeckway. The missionary bought a Land Rover, and though a good man of the church he is not so hot as a mechanic, and repeatedly he has asked Mr Jeckway for advice over the wire. As the missionary is in New Guinea, he is unable to get any experts to help him. So he leaves it all to John Jeckway.

Whether a "ham's" set is a super de-luxe job, bought for thousands of dollars, or whether it has been put together from scraps dug up from the second-hand shops, you can be sure he gets plenty of fun from the hobby, and gains knowledge and friendship throughout the world.

NO REPLY

ANOTHER interesting card comes from Myron Zobel, a wealthy American, who goes on safari and then sets up an amateur radio in some hitherto unknown "hamlet" spot. His card to Jeckway came from Kathmandu, in Nepal. But the best cards, in my opinion, come from the Iron Curtain countries. All of them show tractors reaping, bumper harvests with everyone looking too healthy to live. One card from Czechoslovakia reads "Czechoslovakia, Country of Peace!" These, of course, come in the usual peevish style from London and which shows the Flying Dutch-

Across the Atlantic, Britons prepare for a new life

PIONEER MINUS PIANO

By Gordon Donaldson

Halifax (Nova Scotia). CARL WRIGLEY, a spry 41-year-old with a wife and two growing daughters, has no home, no job—and no piano today.

He is only really concerned about the piano.

It stood—until two weeks ago—in the front room of Carl and Phyllis Wrigley's house in Wallasey.

It was the symbol of security, the symbol of Carl's way of life. A good, steady clerking job with the Gas Board. The two girls—Joyce, 15, and Beryl, 12, at grammar school. A pension to look forward to.

OFF TO THE WEST

TODAY that is the Past to the Wrigley family as they sit in the transcontinental train thundering westwards to Edmonton, Alberta—the town the Canadian immigration officer told them was booming.

They landed in Halifax—as emigrants. They had a pretty rough trip in the 7,434-ton Nova Scotia. When I first saw Carl—alone on deck because all the family were sick—he was grinning weakly. "I think the reason so many claps make good in Canada is because they can't face the trip back."

But today the emigrant Wrigleys are the immigrant Wrigleys. New Canadians—full of the confidence of Canada. "Back home," said Carl as he boarded the westbound train, "they think I'm mad. But what do I want with a pension—only just over 40?"

"The worst thing, you know, was parting with that piano. 'But if I get a job only comparable with the one I've left I'll be happy. I'll be saving—and I'll have shown the wife and girls a bit of the world.'"

EMIGRANTS ALL

SUCH is the kind of confidence that has brought more than Carl to Canada—Stan Lawley for instance, the 29-year-old six-footer from Fulham who said as they ushered him out of the Nova Scotia's first class (no emigrants) lounge the other night—

"Let 'em, I'll be worth more than that lot put together in a couple of years." Stan is an ex-Post Office engineer. But the plans are all the same whether you are an ex-policeman from Liverpool or an ex-clerk from Wallasey. Get a job—any job. Get ON. And get a better piano in a better front room.

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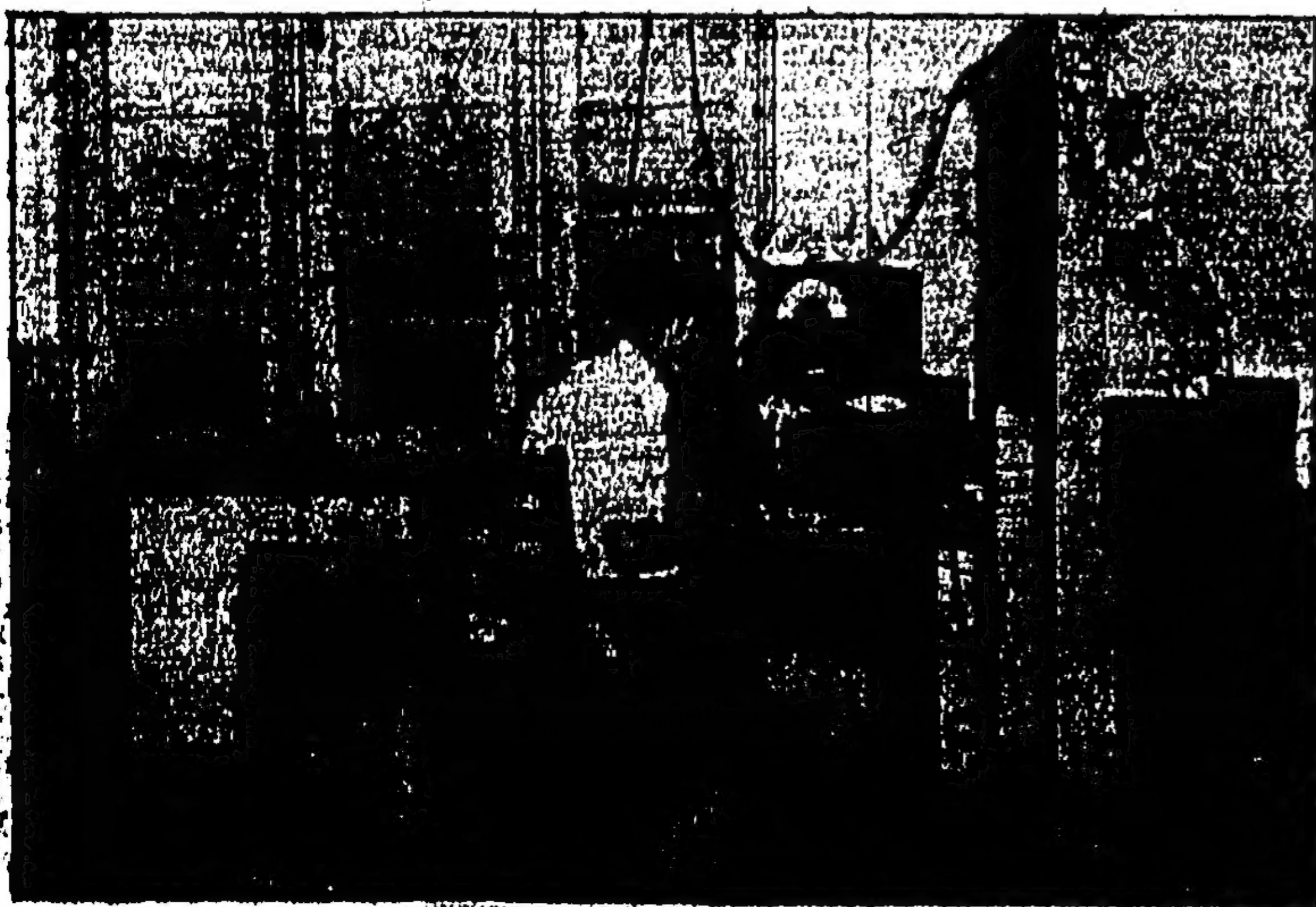
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John Jeckway busy at his hobby. Here is a fantastic jungle of wires, valves, tubes and dials.

The Personal Story Of An Exiled Monarch

MY FATHER KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET

By Ex-King PETER of YUGOSLAVIA

I TRAVELLED incognito as the Count of Rudnik.

The sadness of parting was perhaps lessened by the thrill of having my new passport impressively stamped by Austrian officials, and by the odd feeling of driving on the left side of the road instead of the right, and waiting for what seemed to be the inevitable accidents.

We arrived in Salzburg in time for dinner, after which we went by rail to Paris.

On our journey by the Golden Arrow to London I remember that Mr Parrot (the English Tutor) asked me what I would like to drink, and in a very lordly fashion I replied "ginger beer."

It was the first time I had any. I found that it tasted like soapy water. I drank four bottles, nevertheless.

The crossing from Calais was rough. I dragged Parrot to the bows where we got soaked, much to his annoyance. I had to have my trousers dried on board.

There was a magnificent reception at Victoria Station, from a lot of top-hatted gentlemen, who set us on our way to Claridge, where my room was on the second floor.

I UNDERWENT my first ordeal next morning, when Parrot took me out to buy my school clothes. Inside a shop the assistant told me to take off my trousers.

It was not this itself which sent the hot blood rushing to my face, but rather more the fact that, having taken them off, I was obliged to stand there naked in the middle of the shop. "Why don't you wear underpants?" Parrot asked me sternly.

and I wretchedly tried to explain that Yugoslav youths do not wear them.

The first thing that was bought for me was underpants. Then followed a suit with long trousers, a bowler hat, and a black overcoat.

As if to impress me as much as possible with the wonders of London shops, Parrot took me to a large West End department store, where I gazed around with awe.

In the afternoon I had a pleasant surprise, although it ended rather badly. After lunch Parrot gave me a few pounds out of the sum provided by my father when we left, and took me to a big toy shop. I was invited to buy anything I wanted, and decided on a steam engine and a dynamo.

We rushed back to the hotel to try out my new toys.

I REMEMBER that I was told that my grandmother, Queen Marie of Rumania, whom I loved very much, would be coming to dinner, and that I was to tidy myself up, after which I could play with my engine in the bathroom.

There something went wrong so I took everything into my bedroom in the hope of achieving greater success on my dressing-table.

I stoked up the spirit fire and, truly, got a really good blaze going under the boiler, and went next door to fetch Parrot and show him the performance.

Unfortunately, I had forgotten to take the paper off the safety valve, and, while I was fetching Parrot, who was taking a bath, the boiler blew up. The paint was scorched off the table and I was ordered to bed.

When my grandmother came, she was not so displeased by my behaviour as she might have been. She just kissed me, told me I had been naughty and that I ought to have done what I was told.

Perhaps I had been punished enough. I lost my engine, mis-

ed my dinner, and was sent early to bed, all on one night.

My grandmother was the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh and grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. The eldest of four beautiful and loveliest of four beautiful sisters, she had married Ferdinand of Rumania, then Crown Prince, when extremely young, being for many years Crown Princess at the Court of Ferdinand's uncle, King Carol I, and Queen Carmen Silva, the great poetess, who had no children of their own.

She always remained very pro-British. Of all that I have ever met she was the most dynamic. She was a great force in Rumanian political affairs and her influence was stronger than her husband's in court circles. She had played an admirable part in World War I.

Her memoirs make fascinating reading, as do her tales of Rumanian peasant life.

Many of these tales were taken from real life—people and incidents which she encountered on her own estates or while travelling about the country.

Another delightful fruit of her literary inclinations was the collection of fairy stories which she wrote and published in several charming books.

SHE was one of the first people I remember and was often at Belgrade. I used to go to her room in the morning while she was still in bed and chat to her.

When she paid an official visit to America on behalf of her husband her almost American vivacity and tirelessness made her very popular. In Detroit the Chrysler factory delighted her by taking up a car in parts for her room at the Hotel Cadillac Hotel and putting it together again there, to surprise her when she came in.

I crowded in as many things as possible during my stay.

I went to the cinema twice and once to the Zoo. I saw all that London had to offer in between the preparations for going to school.

I went to lunch at the Ritz with my grandmother, wearing my long trousers for the first time. The Tower of London was the mystery of the Science Museum in South Kensington absorbed me. There was nothing in London that I liked better.

Just before I was due to go to Sandroyd, King George V, and Queen Mary invited me to lunch at Buckingham Palace.

MR Parrot dropped me at the main gates and left me to walk alone through the forecourt, where two imposing guardsmen wearing busbies presented arms with a great flourish.

I was escorted upstairs and presented to Queen Mary, who reminded me very much of my own grandmother.

She talked to me graciously for a little while, and King George came into the room. His gruff but kindly manner made me feel a little nervous, though I soon overcame my childish timidity and began to enjoy their company.

George V was my godfather, but George VI, then Duke of York, had acted as proxy for him. This lunch was therefore the occasion of our first meeting.

There were just four of us present, myself, Uncle Bertie, Aunt May—as we called the King and Queen within the family—and an equestrian.

They asked me a lot of questions about life at home, and King George told one of his visits to Corfu and Montenegro before the Balkan wars.

They spoke well of the school that had been chosen for me, several members of their family having been satisfactorily educated there.

King George told me how much he was looking forward to my father's visit to London. It was towards the end of September that I was driven to Sandroyd in the dilapidated Daimler belonging to the Yugoslav Legation in London.

We were met by Mr Ozane, the headmaster, who introduced me to the matron and to a few of my room-mates. To my horror, the matron made me have a bath almost as soon as I arrived, though I already had one that morning.

THEN, together with the other new arrivals, I was taken round the school, and that night in the dormitory the boys who had already been some time at Sandroyd gave me a lot of information about how to behave which came in very useful later on.

The new arrivals, myself among them, were given a general knowledge test the first morning. I was first put into 7B, but they seemed unable to make up their minds about me. I was transferred to three different classes during one single day.

In the end, however, they did manage to reach a decision on my "I.Q." They were not enthusiastic about my English nor my Latin, which was all but non-existent. They found my mathematics "very good," and my modern languages (excluding English, I suppose) "excellent."

I soon felt very much at home with the boys and began making friends and enemies almost from the start. I was impressed by the studied dilapidation of some of the older boys' outfits and followed in their footsteps.

One thing that rather took me aback was the public nature of activities which had formerly been private ones for me. It was some time before I was at ease with the dormitory life and the mass taking of showers, etc.

IN my first few weeks I joined the boxing club and made a special friend of a lively young fellow, dark complexioned as myself.

I also did lots of swimming in the fine but ice-cold pool, where my prowess helped to make me "accepted" as an asset to the school.

During the few weeks of my short stay at school I had a wonderful time. I did moderately well in class and enjoyed every minute on the playing field.

I played football and loved it, and cricket. But loathed it. I became a Boy Scout. I suppose that the work in the

printer's shop attracted me as much as anything, particularly since a friend and I were able to plan an electric railway at one end of it.

On Sundays I was allowed to go up to London, generally to see my grandmother. One weekday I had to go to town to see the dentist, and on that occasion went to a toy shop where I bought presents both for my friends at school and for myself.

I fell foul of the masters on one occasion for talking in the corridors—but in Yugoslavia no one keeps his mouth shut for long.

The only time I really lost my temper and fought one of the other boys, red head, was when he called me a "stinking little Balkan prince."

After he had "fallen" over the railings without hurting himself (much) I told him that if he were ever to mention the incident to a master or a prefect I would give him such a beating that he would never walk again.

A PART from that isolated incident life was peaceful. I worked just hard enough "to get by" safely, and dodged as much as possible, like the rest of the boys.

After my experience on the first day I was relieved to find that we had to have a bath on Saturdays only, two of us sitting together in a tub with matron scrubbing our backs with a loofah. At least we were clean once a week.

I was sleeping peacefully in the dormitory early one October morning when someone shook me gently and whispered: "Peter, get out of bed, bring your Sunday clothes, wash quickly, and come and have breakfast with Mr Ozane and me."

It was Mrs Ozane, the headmaster's wife.

I got out of bed obediently without making a sound, collected my things, and was led down to the headmaster's study.

Mr and Mrs Ozane had breakfast with me, after which Mr Parrot arrived and announced quietly that we were to go to London at once.

I asked why and he told me not to worry and that everything would be all right. "Say goodbye to Mr and Mrs Ozane," he said, "as you will not be coming back for some time."

I asked what had happened, but Mr Parrot's only reply was that he would tell me everything in the car. So I said goodbye and went to the front door. Outside on the road was a large Daimler, and, more curious still, two London "bobbies," complete with helmets.

NO sort of explanation offered itself to me for what was going on. I miserably concluded that it must all be connected either with my throwing "S" over the banisters or, more likely, with a rule about the possession of sweets which I had broken. It was a hard and fast rule that whenever we bought sweets we were to dispose of them on the day of purchase. I had not done so.

The evening before I had put a portion of my sweets under my pillow and had stuffed them into my pocket on rising. Whatever it was, I was obviously being arrested. British justice worked fast.

Mr Ozane, or "Tiz" as we called him, was a kindly soul. "Ma Tiz" was in tears, I could not understand why. Perhaps they were sorry I had to go to prison. A police officer got into the car and we set off.

Soon after we started poor Mr Parrot, tried, in the gentlest way, to break the news to me. He told me that my father had had a very bad accident on arriving in France.

He said that from now on my life would not be the same and that I must go home.

I did not know what to think. I was shocked to hear of my father's "accident," pleased to be going home, but sorry to leave my school friends. "Will I be able to come back soon?" I asked, but Mr Parrot was evasive.

On our arrival in London our Minister, whom I had thought had no emotions at all, broke down and embraced me, saying: "Terrible things have happened. You are our new hope." There were tears in his eyes. Then he suddenly said: "They have killed our King." He held me for the first time with "Long live your Majesty!"

I was dumbfounded, but shouted back, "Nobody can be King; only Papa can be King." They took me to the reception room, where everybody was crying. The Minister's wife held me in her arms and I cried on her shoulder. "What has happened?" I kept asking. "What will happen now?" They told me. My father had been shot by an assassin in Marseilles, and as his eldest son I was now King.

THEY also said that tomorrow morning my mother would come to meet me in Paris and take me to Belgrade. They explained that I was to have a Regency Council and my uncle Paul would be one of the Regents.

I only stayed a few hours at the Legation. Everybody was very kind to me and did their best to console me.

Mr Parrot had been out and come back with an electric train which he hoped would distract me a little. Later I had lunch with my grandmother, my Uncle George (King of Greece), and many other members of the family.

My grandmother embraced me warmly and we cried together. The others were rather awkward, though kindly enough with me; more shy with me than I with them.

The tragedy had passed closer to me than to anyone else there, and there was little they could do for my grief.

We left on a special train for Paris that afternoon. When the boat arrived at Calais we were met by a number of high French officials, including a very tall and corpulent gentleman in formal dress who made a deep bow and in Serb said: "Greetings, Your Majesty," and burst into tears. I broke down, too, hearing my own language again and being reminded that I was King.

WE left Calais by special train again which stopped unexpectedly outside Paris. This was for security reasons.

There was no station there, but only a steep incline over which boards had been laid. I got off the train, walked down the improvised ramp to the main thoroughfare where a number of cars were waiting. Here I was met by a group of French dignitaries representing the President, all of them in formal dress and top hats.

We were all piled into the waiting cars, my grandmother getting in beside me, and driven off to Paris.

We arrived at midnight, stopping before the private residence of our Minister, Spalajkovic. Mrs Spalajkovic met us at the entrance. I entered their private suite, said goodbye to my grandmother, after which Mr Parrot told me to have a bath and go to bed.

While I was getting undressed the gas geyser suddenly started to make extraordinary purring noises and steam poured out of the safety valve.

I had already had some experiences with steam engines, and cried to Mrs Spalajkovic, "If you don't turn off the gas quickly the geyser will explode, as there doesn't seem to be enough water going through."

To my relief, before she had time to turn off the gas there was a muffled roar and the whole room was transformed into a Turkish bath, enveloping us in steam.

THE tension of the day was mercifully broken by this amusing episode, and I went to bed in a more relaxed mood.

After breakfast I was taken round Paris in the Legation car. At midday they told me I would soon be seeing my mother. We went to the main reception room of the Legation, where there were many people dressed so formally in black, including a heavily veiled lady whom I recognised as my mother when she lifted her veil.

We embraced and wept together. I was both tremendously upset and very happy to see her again.

That evening my mother, my grandmother and I were taken to the Gare d'Est escorted by the Republican Guard. There we were met by the President, M. Lebrun. We were accompanied in great pomp to the Ardenne Express, to which the Royal Yugoslav and Rumanian carriages were attached.

NEXT SATURDAY: The terrorist camps...the guilt of Fascist Italy

Mitzi's Last Waltz



MITZI can waltz. Mitzi can pirouette. Mitzi captivates audiences with her frilly ballet skirts and pink parasol. But Mitzi must say goodbye to the stage. Mitzi has got to raise a family. So said the judge in a British court. And Mitzi, who is a poodle, has no say in the matter.

The judge heard the story of Mitzi's career. How her two owners wanted her to have a family and how another woman to whom Mitzi was loaned and who had her trained, wanted her stage career to continue.

Legal minds strove for two hours to reach a settlement. Finally it was agreed that Mitzi would have a litter, and the litter would go to her two owners. The woman who trained Mitzi would buy the dog. Later cream coated, 11 inch tall Mitzi, gave her 21st dance recital—the other 20 have been for charity. Here she is in sequined ballet skirt, jewelled necklace, lacey parasol before performing her act of spinning and waltzing.

Was the EMPIRE WINDRUSH sabotaged?

An astonishing report by ANTONY TERRY

WEST German M.I.5 officials are now convinced that surly, bullet-headed Ernst Wollweber, old-guard Communist, sabotage expert, and former dock strike leader who today runs East Germany's Red Gestapo, is behind recent explosions and fires on board a number of British ships.

The German M.I.5 agents are, in fact, so convinced that Wollweber is responsible that, in a 32-page report, the Bonn security agents have set out their reasons for believing that the man who was one of the leaders of the German navy mutiny in 1918 is today in control of a world-wide sabotage network—directed at British shipping.

Since this report was issued the West German police have started a fresh drive on Wollweber agents in ports like Hamburg and Bremen. The aim is to catch them before they can plant the bomb or the secret chemical capsule which may wreck a whole ship.

Secret Files

Explaining these moves, one West German security official commented: "We cannot afford to have an Empire Windrush incident happening after a British ship has left a German port. We know too much about the methods and tricks of our old friend Ernst Wollweber to take any chances."

Meanwhile, secret files on the 55-year-old master spy, Ernst Wollweber show that his Moscow training in ship sabotage and arms smuggling goes back a quarter of a century.

The report points out that recent incidents on board British ships bear a striking resemblance to successful sabotage against ships carrying arms to General Franco during the Spanish civil war nearly 20 years ago. At that time Moscow top-priority orders to Wollweber (operating from the Scandinavian countries) were directed at causing accidents to stop supplies of German and Italian arms reaching Franco Spain.

Today, Soviet sabotage is directed at Britain and America, and most of the agents are Germans. The Bonn "FBI" also contains details of Wollweber's secret sabotage school at Lubeck, near Greifswald, in East Germany. Here, on scale models, he drilled "unnaturally" like a poodle, naval dockyard and

port installations, groups of selected "trainees" from the Red "Karl Marx University" in Berlin are taught how to plant a bomb in a ship's hold so as to blow out the vessel's side when she is 500 miles from the nearest land, and how to start "untraceable" fires with chemicals mixed with the ship's fuel.

Subjects Taught

Head of the course is a former German merchant service captain named Ernst Brundert, who has been a Party member for 32 years.

Other "special subjects" taught at the sabotage school are:

1. How to smuggle arms and supplies to Red agents in the Middle and Far East.
2. How to "remove" members of the organisation who are not quick enough at carrying out Moscow's orders.
3. How to organise "wild" strikes among dockers in a score of countries to stop Western arms supplies.

Years of patient mosaic-like piecing together of information obtained by the M.I.5 men has satisfied them that from his useful key position of secret police chief in East Berlin, Wollweber holds the threads of sabotage all over the world.

There is at least one Wollweber sabotage expert in every big port and naval dockyard in the West. These men are frequently left for several years by the Russians before being given an "assignment."

West Germany's security men have called in Dr. Tauber, formerly one of Hitler's top propaganda experts and now working for the West, to run a public campaign financed by the Bonn Government to focus public attention on the Wollweber "spy machine."

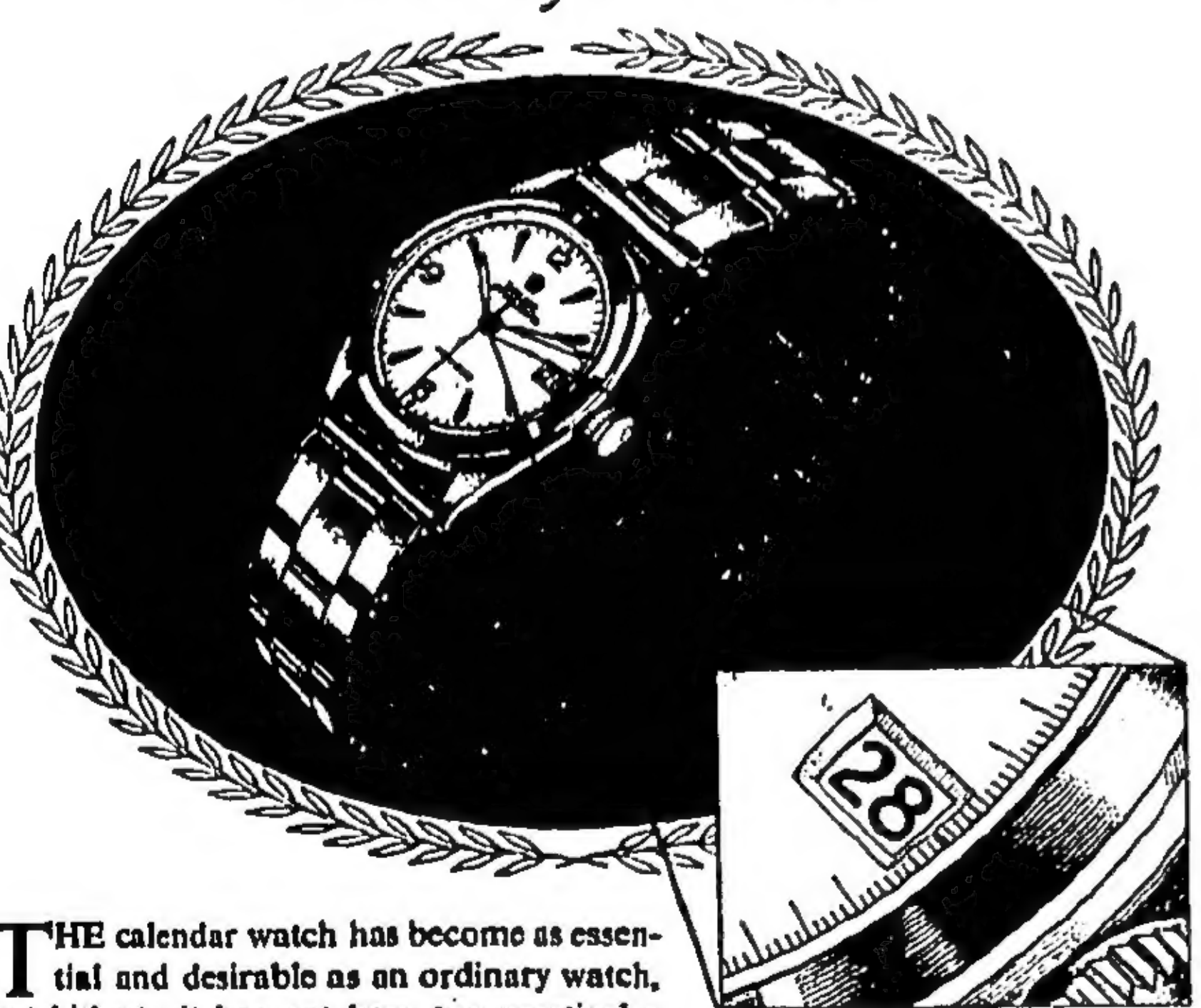
Round The World

They also aim to provide information for Britain to prove that Wollweber and his saboteur gangs are planning to disable and destroy dozens of British ships with mysterious fires and explosions.

The Moscow-trained ex-docker, who holds the rank of Major-General in the Red Army's intelligence corps, rose to head the East German Gestapo by ruthlessness and drive, actually got rid of his predecessor, Zassner, by betraying him as a "Bolshevik."

For three years after the war Wollweber was "Minister for Shipping." During this time he was able to build up the spy network, on scale models, which "looked" unusually like a poodle, naval dockyard and

A calendar watch you can afford
The superbly accurate
Rolex Oysterdate



THE calendar watch has become as essential and desirable as an ordinary watch, but hitherto it has not been too practical a proposition—owing to its expense. Now, however, there is the Rolex Oysterdate—a magnificent watch that tells the time and the date, and which you can afford.

Incorporated in this superb watch are many famous Rolex features: the intricate movement is perfectly guarded from dust, damp, and perspiration by the unique Oyster case and "Twinlock" Safety Crown, which keep it waterproof even when the stem is pulled out for hand-setting; the seconds are counted out by a graceful, sweep second-hand; the date is clearly shown, automatically, in a neat window on the dial; and, of course, the movement itself is beautifully built by Rolex craftsmen, ensuring the accuracy for which every Rolex watch is justly famous.

The Rolex Oysterdate fulfils a need for a highly legible calendar watch of elegance and precision at a moderate cost.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of
Time measurement

Ten points of supremacy in the Rolex Oysterdate

- 1 Shows the date clearly and automatically in a neat window on the dial
- 2 Completely waterproofed by the Oyster case
- 3 Further protected by the "Twinlock" Safety Crown
- 4 Hand-finished case, guaranteed to withstand temperatures from 10°F to 180°F, and to resist pressure at a depth of 150 ft. under water
- 5 Luminous Rolex dial
- 6 Super shock-resisting
- 7 Anti-magnetic
- 8 Sweep second-hand
- 9 Precision movement of "Rolex accuracy"
- 10 Worldwide Rolex service

Exit Jim Driscoll—the greatest boxer of them all

THERE was only one Jim Driscoll. Peerless, they called him, and I defy any dictionary to yield more apt an epithet for the black-haired ex-newspaper messenger from Cardiff, whose straight left arm has become a legend wherever men throw punches—or talk about throwing punches.

In the world of sport it is an accolade to have seen Driscoll in action. Moderns may laugh, but the current "big fight" fistuffs has precious little in common with the motion that became poetry, or the art that concealed art when Driscoll boxed.

Flawless in style, pace and execution, he was the greatest "natural" of them all. The master. But not even wizards can last forever.

THE FIGHT THAT FINISHED THE CHAMPION

His defeat by a Frenchman, Charles Ledoux, at the National Sporting Club on October 20, 1919, was more than a tragedy; it placed the end of an era in which the applied science of "British style" boxing could be depended on to conquer the rougher, less handsomely methodical, now-day pursuance to the time of Lancelotti.

Driscoll, yet a Ledoux was a chance to be quoted for all time. But it should never have happened.

Driscoll, 12 years earlier, had beaten Joe Bowker for the British bantamweight championship, he had won outright the first Lonsdale belt for featherweights, he had felled and humbled Albe Attoll, recognised champion of the world in 10 rounds, "no decision" contest in New York.

He had also, after boxing a championship draw with Owen Moran in 1913, announced his retirement. For the whole of the 1914-18 war period Driscoll served in the Army as a physical training instructor. His day as an active boxer seemed past.

Then, in 1919, came the ill-conceived notion, to return a decision only partially justified by a win over another veteran, Pedlar ("Box of Tricks") Palmer, and a 20-round draw with a young Welshman called Walter Ross.

For Driscoll to fight again at nearly 30 was one thing. To attempt 20 rounds at 8st. 12lb. against Ledoux was quite another.

Contemporary critics made no secret of their anxiety for Driscoll's well-being at the

young, powerful, wide shouldered Frenchman.

Ledoux was a bullet of a man, who had boxed the bantamweights of his own country for nine years, won the championship of the world, and impressed his worth most forcibly on such notable Britons as Digby, Stanley, Joe Bowker, Bill Bevan, Curlew, Walker, Tommy Noble, Walter Ross, Jim Higgins and Tommy Harrison.

How much more anxious they would have been had they known, as we know now, that Driscoll was taking into the ring with him an ulcerated stomach and injured thumb.

Driscoll had given his word as straight and as true as his immaculate left arm.

He trained on the Cardiff City 12th H ground. Two weeks before the fight he broke training to spar with a novice at a charity show in a dark, crowded hall.

Driscoll, nearly 40, was facing the skill, judgment and experience of a quarter of a century.

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by GEORGE WHITING

standing up well. Ledoux continued to hit the air to the almost comic resignation of his manager, the redoubtable Francois Descamps.

Jack Curran, a noted backer of the day, demonstrated the extent of Ledoux's discomfort by offering 33-1 against him—unheard of odds.

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MANKIND WON'T STARVE—BECAUSE THE SEA GROWS BREAD

London. IS mankind doomed to starve to death?

The question is an old one. Malthus, famed 19th century geo-politician, said yes and shocked the world. Today neo-Malthusians are spreading the same gloom.

Last week the House of Lords pondered the threat with all the gravity appropriate to a discussion of the H-bomb. This week, the United Nations issued a depressing 400-page report on the subject.

But the answer is still an emphatic NO.

The answer is no because there is magic in the sea.

First of all, though, the problem is serious and urgent. A hundred years ago, there were 1,000 million of us on the planet; today there are 2,500 million; in 1984 there will be 4,000 million; in the year 2000, there will be 5,000 million.

By Les Armour

Already the majority of men are either hungry most of the time or seriously undernourished.

But the clue lies in a few words dropped by Lord Samuel in a Lords debate. He suggested, in passing, that we might eat plankton.

Plankton is the universal mixed foodstuff of the simple creatures of the sea. Its major constituent is a dark-green plant stuff called algae, the green "scum" that also grows in ponds.

Harvesting from the sea itself is rather difficult, however. Eventually, some means of producing algae where it is needed must be found.

In the United States, experiments with polythene tubing have proved particularly effective. The tubing is open to sunlight from all directions and can be revolved, a process which steps up growth.

Other researchers have tried growing algae in sewage ponds and discovered that algae is the most efficient sewage disposers on

Harvested straight from a pond or the sea and shaken of some of its moisture, algae tastes rather like boiled cabbage. Dried into a powder, it tastes like a mixture of nuts and prunes.

One kind, now being produced in small quantities in Slam, tastes like fish paste.

But the possibilities are limitless. It can be processed into a kind of flour which will even make something like bread. Algae powder can be mixed with almost anything; in ice cream, it is particularly good. Some scientists even think they can make it look and taste like steak.

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record. The sewage doesn't even change the taste.

One American has predicted that the house of the future will come with its own algae factory.

In both Europe and America scientists are working full-tilt on the problem and, in Japan, algae may be available in the shops within a few years.

Major Problem

The European and American problem, for the moment, is to find an interim use for algae so that it will be available when the booming world demand for food makes it a necessity. It makes an excellent cattle food with far more nutrition than anything else on the market. Its chemical value may be immense. And it can even be used as an efficient fuel.

Cost is the major problem at the moment. But that is being licked rapidly.

A hungry world can look forward to a secure future. And Britain, which has long been plagued by the seeming impossibility of feeding 50,000,000 on the produce of a little island, can probably stop worrying about that problem at least.

Do you own one of these valuable cars?

Take this precaution now to keep it 'lively' and protect it against premature old age

Ask yourself this. How much is your car worth today—how much will it be worth in 3 or 4 years' time? Will it depreciate quickly—or can you prolong its 'life' and value?

How your car loses value

Your car is only as good as its engine. Good looks are worthless unless accompanied by good engine performance. Engine wear is the enemy. When your car loses 'pep' when she flags on hills—becomes 'floppy'—unresponsive—these are the warning signs. She's getting old before her time. Losing value. Money. Unfortunately engine wear is like tooth decay—you don't know it's happening until it's happened. So what can you do? You can take one simple precaution

—but first, let's look at the cause of wear.

What causes engine wear?

To some extent—friction. That is, metal rubbing on metal. Now, all good oils give protection against friction—but engines still wear out. Shell experts wanted to know why—they looked for other causes. After years of patient research, they found that most wear in engines is caused by acid action—or corrosive wear. This occurs when moisture in your engine combines with combustion gases to form acids. These acids eat—yes, eat—into the metal surfaces when the engine is running cold on short journeys, when your car is at rest between runs, or overnight in your garage. As an engine cools, ordinary oils

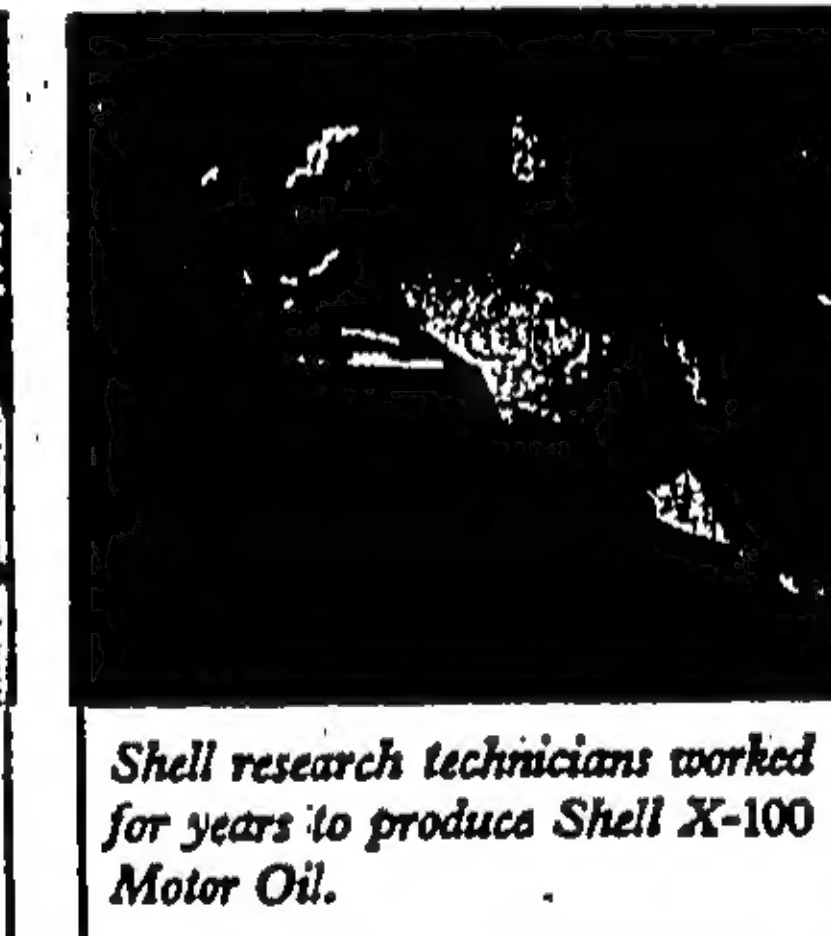
'drain off' leaving surfaces exposed to this biting acid action.

A remarkable new oil

Shell X-100 Motor Oil, produced as the result of this intensive research into the causes of engine wear, does three things. (1) It combats acid action—or corrosive wear—by providing a constant protective film for all parts of your engine which does not 'drain off' like ordinary oils. (2) It reduces oxidation and lacquer formation—thus minimising ring-sticking, loss of power and oil consumption. (3) It has a cleansing effect on your engine—and keeps it clean. (It keeps combustion soot in suspension to be drained away with each oil change.)

Ease of mind—for you

Never before have you been able to give your engine such complete protection. Take this precaution now—change to Shell X-100 Motor Oil—it is more than an oil—it is an insurance against engine wear and the premature ageing of your car.



What would you do in a case like this?

Suppose you were a car manufacturer. Suppose you made the Humber or the Hillman. You know you have a fine car. You want to prove it to the world. You send it on a gruelling trip, across continents, mountains, ice, snow, deserts. You must put up a sensational performance. You must not fail. Which oil would you choose for your car?

They chose Shell X-100

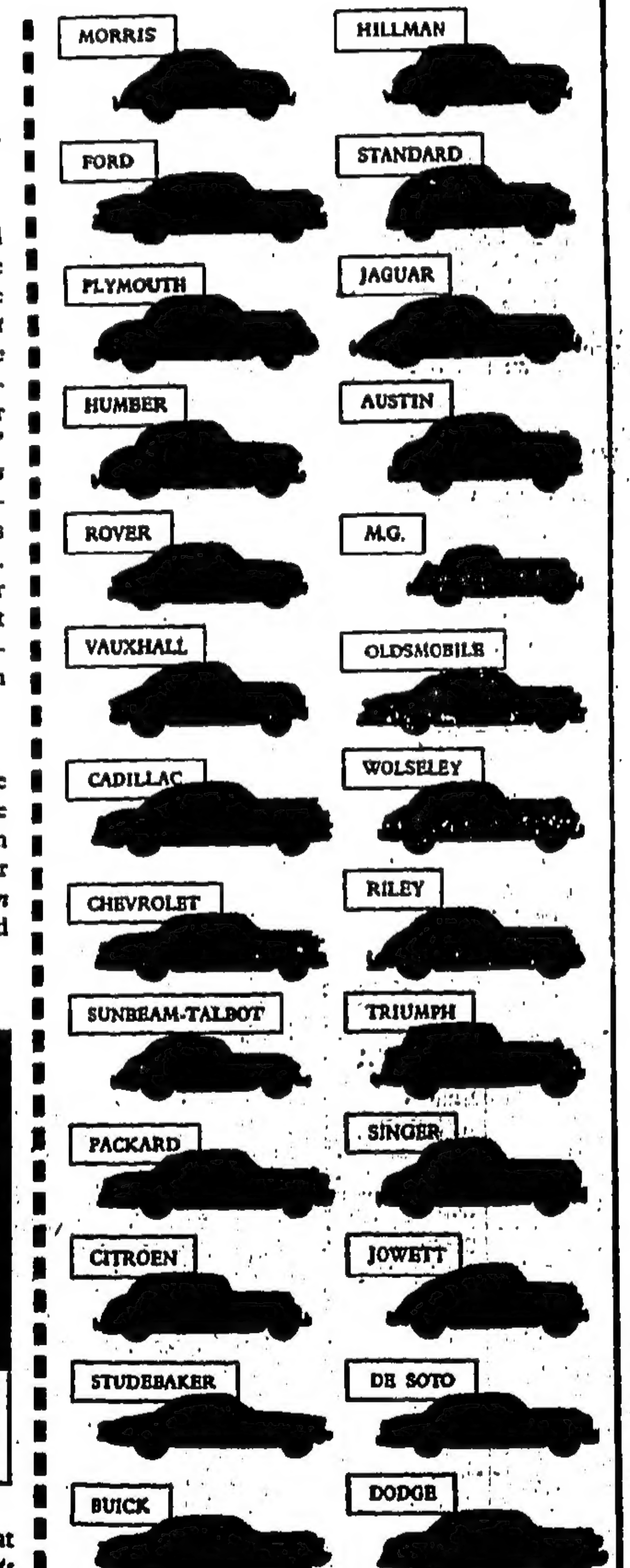
If your judgment were as sound as Humber, Jaguar, Austin, Hillman,

and Ford, you would choose Shell X-100—as they did when they wanted to prove the endurance and efficiency of their cars. And remember—most important—these cars were not 'specials'—they were ordinary production cars. The kind you can buy—the kind you may be driving now. Whether it was to race through 15 countries in 90 hours; hurtle round a race track for seven days and nights at over 100 m.p.h.; to win the Monte Carlo Rally or to speed to the Cape—they relied upon Shell X-100 Motor Oil.

After its 16,800-mile run in seven days and nights, the Jaguar engine was found to be in excellent condition throughout.

The same oil that you can buy at your garage today. These are facts—undeniable facts. No wonder every car manufacturer in Britain endorses Shell X-100 Motor Oil. If you value the life of your car, you too should be running on Shell X-100 Motor Oil.

There are, of course, many other excellent cars on the road today, but space prevents us from including them all.



There are, of course, many other excellent cars on the road today, but space prevents us from including them all.

IMPORTANT

There are five grades of Shell X-100 Motor Oil and it is important (particularly in the case of worn engines) to get the correct grade for your car. Your garage will tell you which grade your car should have.

Here are the five grades:
SHELL X-100 GRADE 10/W
SHELL X-100 GRADE 9/S
SHELL X-100 GRADE 8
SHELL X-100 GRADE 7
SHELL X-100 GRADE 6

FACTS prove fights corrosive acid wear



NEWELL ROGERS REPORTING AMERICA

WHEAT MOUNTAIN NO. 2

NEW YORK. TRY to imagine a mountain of 425 million bushels of wheat, which is the amount already bought and stored by the U.S. Government to keep farm prices up.

On top of this grows Mountain No. 2: the 530 million bushels of wheat which will accrue, being the new crop of Treasury loans due to growers.

The two mountains mean America has enough surplus wheat for a year.

Wheat for delivery next month sells in Chicago at two dollars 13 cents a bushel (156.24¢), which is 41 cents (24.9¢) under the official price basis for the loans.

Appalled by the cost of such surpluses, the Senate has voted

48 to 40 against a plan to give price supports to all major crops.

The vote, on an amendment to a wool bill, is a victory for President Eisenhower. He wants power to raise or lower price supports—another name for subsidies in the form of loans—as market conditions warrant.

PEARL MESSA, a close friend of the Truman family, is said to have her heart set on a match between Miss Margaret Truman and tall, handsome Robert Meyer, Governor of New Jersey.

HE is a 45-year-old bachelor earning \$22,500 a year.

SHE is a 30-year-old spinster earning much more as a singer. Last of the many times Miss Truman was asked about a romance, was in June. "Same old rumour," she said. "Same old answer."

READ this application for tickets to a concert given by

Liberace, the pianist—darling of America's middle-aged women.

We want to be so close we will feel the breeze from his eyelashes when they flutter. The application came in from five women in Detroit.

GRANDMOTHER Gloria Swanson, slim and glamorous at 85, is on a national lecture tour, crusading for 'preventive eating.'

The diet she advocates consists of meat-free, vitamin-free tropical fruits, organically pure vegetables (untainted by fertilising chemicals), and—Irish seaweed.

DEBORAH KERR is nominated to be queen of the annual Arts Student Ball, equivalent of Chelsea's annual rumour.

This year's theme is to be Greek and Roman mythology—Bacchus, satyrs and nymphs.

WHAT IS THE COLOUR OF LOVE?

By Chapman Pincher

RED stands for danger and yellow for cowardice. But what colours do you associate with a word like "love"? Most people have firm opinions about the "colours of words." So psychologists who have carried out tests at Reading University report:

Mr David Sheppard and his wife Elizabeth drew up a list of words with an emotional content and showed them to 27 intelligent men and women, who were asked to match the words with slips of coloured paper.

A selection of the commonest answers given in the "colour" boxes is shown below. The answers are not necessarily correct.

Answers like green for "envy" and red for "anger" were expected, but such firm associations as "blue" with "sadness" and "white" with "reason" surprised the psychologists.

★

There were no outstanding differences between the sexes, except that more women linked "love" with red while men more often coupled it with "blue."

Members of the same family tended to link words and colours in the same way.

A similar test was then carried out on 88 children. The answers were generally the same as those given by the adults. Exceptions were red instead of yellow for "joy" and black as well as red for "anger."

Mr Sheppard and his wife believe that different mental associations of colour with emotions may help to explain why people interpret paintings in various ways.

They are to repeat the tests with people from different towns to see whether colour associations vary from place to place.

What are YOUR colour reactions? Check the words in the chart and let me know if you disagree with the general reactions.

COLOUR CHART

In black and white:

WORD	COLOUR
CONFIDENCE	Blue
MURDER	Red
JOY	Yellow
REASON	White
DESPAIR	Black
LOVE	Blue or Red
SORROW	Dark Brown
LOATHING	Black
RESENTMENT	Dark Brown
SURPRISE	Yellow
ANGER	Red
HOPE	Yellow
REMORSE	Dark Brown
PASSION	Red
ADMIRATION	Blue
JEALOUSY	Green
SCORN	Yellow
FEAR	Dark Brown
FASCINATION	Blue
HATE	Purple or Black
ANXIETY	Dark Brown
CURIOSITY	Yellow
SHAME	Red
DISGUST	Dark Brown
ENVY	Green
PITY	Yellow or Blue
RELIGION	Blue
MADNESS	Red
ILLNESS	Brown
SLIP	Blue

THE ART OF



BEING AVA

IN Rome today are three of the most talked-about women of the moment—America's Ava Gardner, Italy's Gina Lollobrigida and Sweden's Ingrid Bergman.

I have been there to see them—to answer for myself a series of questions that have long intrigued me.

How does the roar of the crowd, the panoply and glare of success, affect a beautiful woman who has found fame and fortune in films? Where does happiness come in? Can such a woman escape the encircling mesh of publicity?

I wanted to find, in fact, the person behind the star, and to assess that person without all the noisy disguise of her headline reputations. I sought out Ava Gardner first.

'A sweetie'

When Ava, just 18, first went to Hollywood, they said she was "sweet as apple-pie—and twice as natural."

That was 13 years, 30 pictures and three marriages ago. Today she has more than enough of the fame (or should one say notoriety?) and a fortune that swells by 100,000 dollars with every picture she makes.

But has it all brought her happiness? I think not. Her fame, I would say, has been her misfortune.

She knows all about being a star, but her voice as she talks sounds frightened—as if the Great Ava Gardner cannot bear to be alone with her thoughts.

She is marvellously enjoying the tinsel trimmings—but the main, simple reward of a contented mind has so far passed her by.

It was not easy to find Miss Gardner in Rome, although everybody there is just talking about her.

I went to the vast hotel where the privileged few picture stars could watch Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall—everything about her is just looking for amusement, a bit outside.

Robert Ottaway goes behind the 'celluloid curtain' to find the truth about three fabulous women...

Errol Flynn looking for a financier, and Dennis O'Keefe showing his two sons how to manipulate spaghetti without ordering a new tie.

EVERYONE WAS THERE. EVERYONE. THAT IS EXCEPT MISS GARDNER.

My first impression, therefore, was of a star in hiding. I found her finally, in a quiet, tucked-away flat she had rented, with sister Barbara—"much more beautiful than I am"—as her companion.

Ava Gardner was cooking. Cooking highly-spiced egg dishes whose recipes she had picked up on a previous, over-publicised jaunt to Spain.

It is obvious at once that this girl who has dragged a tempest in her wake for years is clinging tenaciously to the last ditches of privacy.

She jibs hard at the scandal-mongering gossip. Ask her about the state of her marriage to Frank Sinatra, and she curls her fabulous nose and snaps: "See my last statement."

Demure look

Ask her how she occupies her time amongst the ruins and ruins of Rome and she will try to look demure:

"I'm generally too tired to do anything but rest. Of course, I'm learning Spanish—and she produced an olive-skinned Spanish girl to prove it—and there's always my cooking."

It made an intriguing contrast to the close-up where the privileged few picture stars could watch Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall—everything about her is just looking for amusement, a bit outside.

house life, with everyone else throwing stones which she dare not hurl back.

And looking at Ava, at the sadness that haunts those huge green eyes and the girlish glee that occasionally breaks through the glamorous build-up, I began to feel sorry for her.

She was furious with some Rome photographers who snapped her candidly with a bull-fighter escort.

She bridled just as furiously three years ago when she was seen around Spain with that earlier, versifying matador, Mario Cabré.

Yes, I sympathise—because, even in California, the break-up of marriage means unhappiness, despair, a sense of failure. Because Ava Gardner longs for the content of a home and children, and they have eluded her. But that is as far as I go.

Ava is a publicity-made phenomenon.

Certainly she has recently shown signs of the talent necessary to sustain even an American reputation. But, devoted to her when she was little more than an animated still photograph, she would still be gambling along the sidewalks of Smithfield, North Carolina.

That record reads sadly. Even in Hollywood's marry-go-round, her three marriages have crashed more spectacularly than most. Here's the end tally: "Married to Mickey Rooney, 1942, divorced 1943. Married to Artie Shaw, 1945, divorced 1946. Married to Frank Sinatra 1951, aquilina 1953."

This is a girl who has never known a year of placid married bliss. She confesses to friends now that she doesn't intend to try again. "I don't seem to be built for that particular institution."

And then comes the revealing flash of anger. "Why is everybody so interested in my private life? Why can't they let me live it my own way?"

She blames her marital ups and downs on having to live a glass-

A CRITIC'S EYE TURNS TO THE STARS

dewy, run-rid appeal, despite thirteen years of are-lights.

Indeed, if Ava Gardner had not been spotted in a photograph displayed by her brother-in-law, professional cameraman, she might have had the steady routine of a secretary, the occupation she'd mapped out for herself.

"I'm strictly a small-town girl," she confessed to me.

Yet there she was, decked out in silk brocade, summoning studio minions as if she's been practising on aged Southern retainers for years.

I found the contrast almost ludicrous. It is the secret of her discontent.

But I was surprised by her genuine modesty about her activities before the camera. It's a modesty that sometimes amounts to indifference.

The feet and I

Nervously, she recoils from any question that might take her out of her depth. She switches on the portable radio. "I like music," she draws languorously, "and especially loud music."

Yet Joseph Monklewicz—no mean picker and no shallow thinker—wanted her above all others for the lead in "Breathless." Ava thinks she knows why:

"I have such beautiful feet."

She can say, "I'm not all that keen on being a movie star. I'm happiest in blue jeans and flat heels and no make-up." (She needs only a dab of mascara off the set; the rest comes naturally.)

Yet she is not prepared to compromise with her career, even to sacrifice a marriage. That was the flaw in her stormy partnership with Frank Sinatra.

Ava says, ruefully, now "Frank and I just wanted a place to live—a real place, with a kitchen. Just a place to be ourselves."

But neither their temperaments nor their way of life permitted it. When Frank Sinatra was in London last year, he told me: "I've got a fine old Italian temper." And Ava says: "When I lose my temper, you can't find it any place."

Ava and Frank

Frank was anxious to restore his dimming reputation—and pay £70,000 in back income-tax. But Ava was filming in Africa, in Britain, in Italy.

There could be no two ways with such a marriage. One career had to come first. Neither would make the concession.

The Sinatra cable-and-phone bill rose to £4,000—just to make contact with his wife. You might call it a bill of divorce.

That is the price Ava must pay for her ambition.

She chafes against rigid rule and settled discipline. She keeps a hill-billy fecklessness, an untamable independence, inherited from her forebears.

She hates to know what she will be doing three months hence, because any plan becomes a shackles.

At heart, she matches her arrogant assurance with a humility, an earthly friendliness that are her saving graces.

I watched her leave for the studio, scramble into the car, settle back luxuriously.

Then she leant forward. "Turn on the radio, don't you? It's much too quiet around here."

★ NEXT WEEK — the inside story of the star that Italians call the "National Institution"—the fabulous Gina Lollobrigida.

There's Character In Your Tootsies

By J. W. Taylor

DURING a recent inspection of the 17th Port Training Regiment of the Royal Engineers at Marchwood, near Southampton, Brigadier C. H. Barnett picked individuals from the ranks and ordered boots and socks off for a foot inspection.

What the Brigadier found confirmed the reputation this Regiment enjoys for personal discipline and orderliness. Our chiropodist, however, told us that those bare feet could have told quite a lot to anyone initiated as he was in the art of character reading. Says our expert: "Toes are the most illuminating part of the body."

We asked him to imagine that four men with certain kinds of feet had been ordered: "Boots off for inspection." What would he read from those bare feet?

This was his report: "That man with short, round fat toes is full of fun and happy-go-lucky. The second fellow must be quite popular in the billet, for he has dimpled toes signifying abundant personality. But awkward for him, however, is that dimpled toes indicate that it is time for the owner to start a new life. He must put his best foot forward, and his best foot is the one with the most dimples."

Steady Type

"Steady type, that fellow with the long thin toes; belongs to the more serious sort of mortals. Most successful business men of the world usually have such toes. Likely sort of kind of fellow."

People with naturally small feet are said to be very practical and fully aware of where they are going. Small feet are also said to be a sign of charm and neatness, which probably explains why so many females try to cram five toes into shoes only wide enough for a couple.

"And this, you must admit, quarante, our chiropodist, said our chiropodist, 'squeeze' rather a lot of character out of the other three toes. Fity, because there is such a lot of character to be read in the tootsies."

IN BERLIN'S RUSSIAN SECTOR:

The People Are Very Friendly

By Norman Lindhurst

Berlin. On Stalin Allee there is a propaganda sign shaped like a bridge. "Build a bridge to Soviet-German friendship," it says.

We started to snap the sign, but a workman stopped us. "Don't take that sign; take this one," he said. (The worker pointed to a bill-board calling for German unification.)

Then there were the East Berlin post office messenger girls watching the small-screen television set in the Soviet press centre. It must be wonderful, they agreed, to see the forest of television antennas in a British or American city. It's more wonderful to see programmes all day long instead of only two hours, and to be able to own your own set, they said.

★ The salesman in a camera shop complained: "It is not much of a life over here. Our money is not good, and we don't get enough even if it were. I spend all my time off the job at the (Communist-run) sports centre because I don't have money to do anything else."

Sales personnel, police and the average East Berliner on the street turn a friendly, curious face to visitors from the West. Salesgirls, when the boss's back is turned, will sell you the shop. Waiters are painfully apologetic because they can't serve you Bordeaux or Moselle wines.

And policemen go out of their way to give directions. "I was struck by the friendliness towards Americans of the people working in stores. I was quite taken aback when a policeman politely gave minute street directions when asked about an address."

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



THE OLD (DRESS) ORDER CHANGES AND COTTON TAKES TOP PLACE

THE printed cotton coat springs into fashion, and an age-old dress convention changes. The new smart summer dressing reverses the old formula. The new way is to wear a printed coat over a plain dress instead

of a plain coat over a printed dress. For the first time the fabric that used always to be made into dresses has become the prettiest fabric to wear as a coat.

There's A Way To Make Your Unhappiness Pay Off

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"THE most important thing in the world," a wise woman told me once, "is to know how to make your unhappiness pay off." I think of that remark frequently, when I see how some women do just that, while others let a past tragedy ruin their lives forever.

The R. sisters are examples of what I mean.

Mr and Mrs R. were unhappily married, and they let their two daughters know it, with a vengeance. They fought all the time. The father was a hot-tempered, high-handed tyrant who ordered the mother around like a slave. The mother surrounded herself with an atmosphere of martyrdom, under which she used sly tactics to get back at her husband. The two R. girls were upset most of the time, and the household was miserable.

When Joan R. was twenty, she married, fast, to get out of the house.

She had always been on her mother's side, and thought all women were persecuted angels and all men were fiends. She made her poor husband's life miserable. When the going was rough financially, she refused to help out.

"Men get all the breaks," she said, "and he can just take the burden himself."

When her husband finally deserted her—for good cause—she went, whining, into a job, where all she has done ever since is to complain that men's wages for the same work are higher than women's and so forth.

SHE SAW WHY

Elizabeth R., on the other hand, saw why her father behaved as he did.

She saw that he felt victimised by a woman who had married him just for financial security. So she decided, at twenty, to get a job and be self-supporting. Then, she thought, she could marry for love, and not for her mother's reason.

She did get a good job, and, even though she was paid less than her masculine colleagues, she realised that it was not because men are nasty horrible creatures, but because society is not yet used to women workers; that they really haven't been on the scene long; and that certain inequalities are a natural part of the growth process.

Now, at twenty-seven, she is happily married to a man who chose her for love, not for respect.

The moral is that, while we cannot choose our parents, we can choose our husbands. We can choose to be a victim, or we can choose to be a woman who sees the world as it is, and who makes the most of it.

—Helen Follett

How to Enhance the Beauty of Your Eyes

By LADY BOYLE



The slanted eyes of Mrs. Finch.

UNDER the drier at the hairdresser's is not the most flattering moment to be seen, but that's where Mrs. Finch was when I met her. She was Eileen An-croft's first volunteer in her fascinating series of transformation tests.

Even at such a disadvantage, the beauty of her eyes made a great impression: soft, velvety brown, fringed heavily with the longest possible upturned lashes, and set in her face at a slant.

A feature of that kind is a wonderful gift, not to make the very best of it is a crime. If your eyes have the upward slant of Mrs. Finch's, train the lashes to sweep outwards, and accentuate the slant-eyed look.

Don't forget your eyebrows; they have so much to say in the shaping of the eyes. Make sure that they follow the upturned line. The whole effect will be lost if they curve downwards to meet the upturned corners of the eyes.

Always keep two eyelash brushes, one for castor oil, the other for mascara. And keep them meticulously clean. A light stroke with the oil-brush, barely smeared with oil, before coating with mascara will avoid that stubby, caked look. Always put two light coatings of mascara on, never one thick.

TRY THAT RULER!

ARE your eyes too close together? Before you say no, make this simple test. Measure one eye from corner to corner, then see if you have the same width between the eyes. Don't brood if you haven't. There's a simple way of creating

the optical illusion eyes not wide apart.

Dip into your make-up box, and dab a bit of it on the inside corner of each eyelid, on either side of the nose. Blend it out to the middle of the eyelid, and up to the eyebrow. If you hold a looking-glass at arm's length after treating one eye, you'll see how much further the nose looks from that eye than from the other one.

SPARKLE

MASSAGE of eye-shadow (or eyeliner and artificial) of course, I went through the stage of piling it on, and was beside anyone who told me that it didn't look devastating! But now I use it very sparingly, occasionally in the evening, thanks to a hint from that clever actress, Brenda Bruce, whose eyes are two enormous green pools.

To highlight her eyelids at night, she creams each lid lightly before applying the eye shadow. This helps with the blending, is especially useful in cases of naturally dry lids, and gives extra lift and sparkle to the eyes. But go sparingly with the cream and don't let it get all stale, retouch it during the evening, or you'll find you tend to "ridge."

THE RESULT

IN last week's Beauty Club, I advised readers to go to a good hairdresser and put themselves entirely in his hands. Well, that's what I did recently.

While he brandished the scissors I settled down with a magazine. Every now and then I lifted an eye towards the looking-glass, and each time I lowered it with the thought, "You can't tell at this stage."

Not a murmur from me; the artist could go his own way.

The result was sleek and sophisticated. I went out feeling a new woman.

None of my friends or family saw me till Television time. The artist's hairdresser, perfectionist that he is, came round to the studio to give the last flick of his expert comb and I went before the cameras, confidence mingling with trepidation.

Immediately after the show I rang up the family expecting ecstatic exclamations. Not a bit of it. Showers of insults came from one after another. Typical examples were: "You looked at least 10 years older," and "What a hardbitten number!"

PROVED

I WENT to bed somewhat dejected. But first I coaxed the hard line into a softer one and put on a hair net. In the morning I knew I had been right in putting myself in the hairdresser's hands. How easily my hair fell into position! The cut, the shaping were the hairdresser's; but after my adjustment the position of the hair was my own. And it was greeted with family approval. I had achieved the happy medium.

So it's proved that you can perhaps set your own hair, but only a real expert can give you the elegance of shaping which is essential to that well-groomed head line.

COLOURFUL HATS FOR THE TEENAGERS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

WHEN a royal milliner sets out to hat the heads of the teenager, you can be sure that some pretty stylish models will result. And that is precisely what happened with Aage Thaarup's "Teen and Twenty" collection.

It's easy to see what he thinks should go to their heads. He likes colour. This season he has flattering colours like damask pink veiled with smoke blue; striking colours like Bangkok blue (a brilliant blue like the peacock's feathers in the sun); and sunny colours like golden sand. He also likes purple patches. Some of his straw boaters are trimmed with purple and emerald green ribbon.

He likes variety. There are boaters, sailors, modified coolie hats and "mum's models" (his term, not mine). They are all small and worn straight on the head.

TRIMMINGS

HE goes in for trimmings. Some of his hats are pure "confections." They have cake frill brims of white carnations, "bustle" roses at the back, orange blossom or fruit salad decorations.

His most unusual trimming was a stiffened ribbon which encircled the hat's crown and then stuck stiffly out to the right like a traffic indicator.

He has a practical approach to fashion, and includes a "go-anywhere" hat. It's in white tuckered jersey which stretches to fit any size of head. You can pack it at the bottom of your suitcase—and it will still come up smiling.

And, though he's in the forefront of the newest trends, he's no slave to fashion. If he likes a hat—his bustle hat, for instance—he puts it in every collection year after year.

Materials centre on straws with a difference. He uses plaited straw, two-toned straw,

panama, black loghorn and crocheted straw.

He composed his own show, and these are a few of his dictums:

"If you wear a sailor hat forward it looks becoming, if you wear it straight on it looks chic, and if you wear it backwards it looks awful."

"It's smart to have a hat made in the same material as your dress."

LATEST SHOE STYLES

SHOE styles these days follow in the steps of "haute couture" fashion.

The new detail which emerged from the first London show of a big Swiss shoe firm (Bally) illustrates this point. Two of the latest trimmings have been adapted from styles promoted by the top dress designers. Shoes now have "collars" of mink or wool jersey.

New colours include emerald green, nicotine, copper, wild rice, charcoal grey and amber.

Pointed toes and stiletto heels, as straight and as narrow as a pencil, are in. Shoes with open toes and sling back heels are out.



Casual "at-home" shoes in violet suede embroidered with gold braid and pearls. They have the new flat "biscuit" heels.



Black suede court shoes, with the new 2" Louis heel, trimmed with "winter dawn" calf.

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Ice Cube Treatment For Flabby Chin

SOFT tissues and relaxed muscles under the chin are not always due to too many birthdays. The condition may be caused by malnutrition, a trouble that is more common than many of us realise.

A woman may be of normal weight and still not be properly nourished. Her diet can be lacking certain food elements that keep tissues and fibres strong and normal.

A rapid reduction in weight will also cause a flabby state, which may eventually develop into a second chin.

An effort must be made to accelerate the circulatory streams so new cells will be built. This can be done with brisk massage and tea frictions.

After washing the face, a muscle oil or heavy cream can be applied with good results. Place thumb at one side of the throat, fingers at the other, sweep upward with a firm stroke, go downward with a

light one. To do this properly, the head should be thrown back slightly, the muscles should not be tense. With thumb and fingers under the chin, press outward midway to the ear lobes.

These are the movements facial operators use. They do much to erase lines from the face.

After a few moments, the flesh should glow. This is the time to friction with an ice cube. First, remove the cream and apply an astringent.

Another method of using an astringent is the well-known "Ho up" that is done by professionals. Moisten a heavy fold of gauze with the liquid. It should be ice cold. Place it under the chin; hold it in place with a wide strip of gauze tied on top of your head.

This is an opportunity to catch a little relaxation. Lie down and close your eyes while your chin has a treatment.



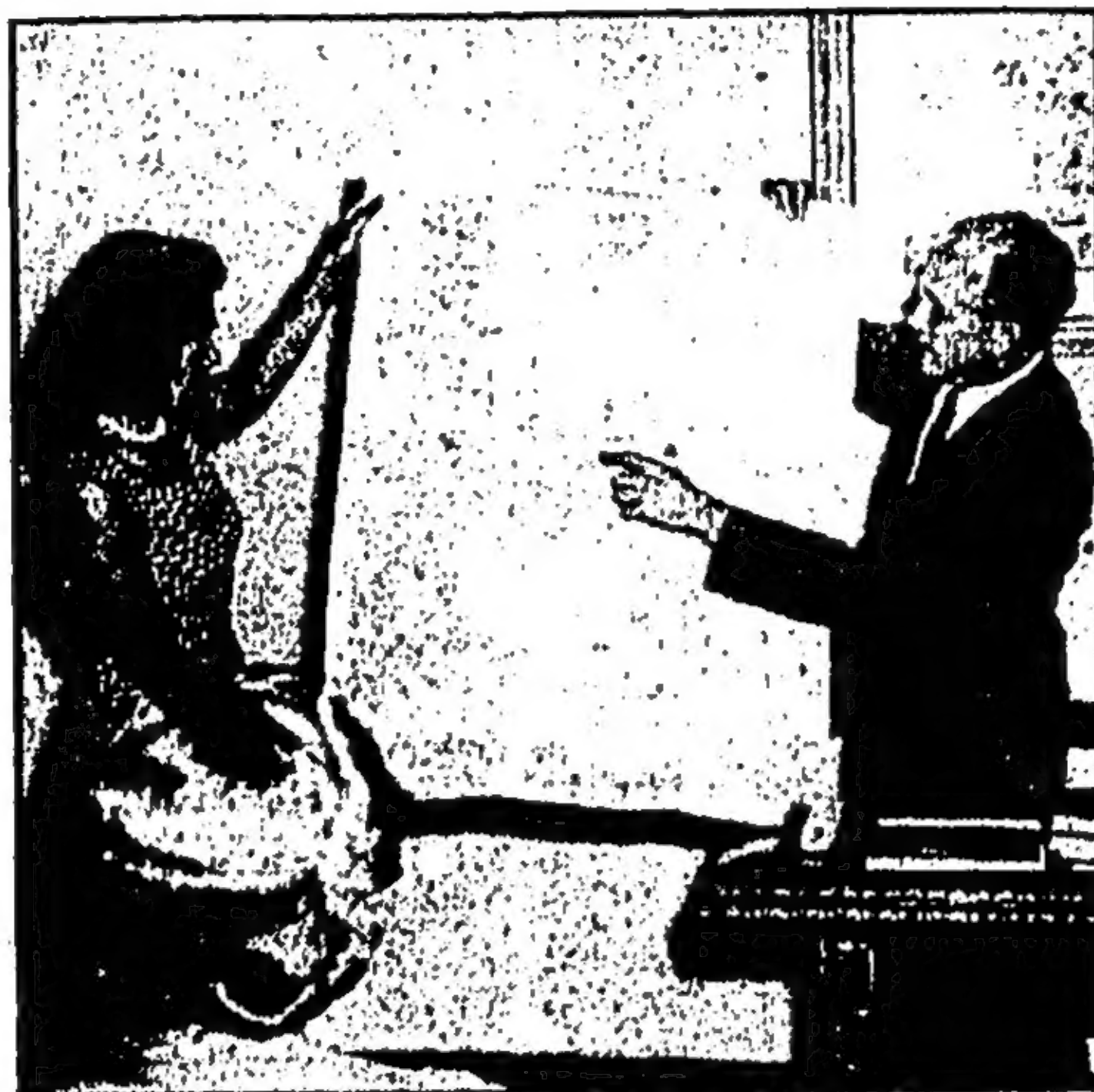
CLAD in overalls, His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, on Monday drove a railway engine all the way from Lowu to Tsimshatsui, thus becoming the envy of every small boy in the Colony. These pictures show the Governor at the controls and smiling to pressmen from the cab at Shatin station. (Staff Photographer)



JINGLE BELL, winner of the Derby classic at Happy Valley last Saturday, being led in after the race by Mr and Mrs Sun Lin-fong. The jockey is Mr H. K. Chuang. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM inspecting the paintings of Miss Grace Hui (Mrs Hin-shing Lo) after opening the exhibition at the Hongkong Hotel on Tuesday. Also in picture are Mr Hin-shing Lo and Mr Luis Chan. (Staff Photographer)



PROFESSOR F. S. Drake demonstrates on a map during his lecture on Peking at the YWCA on Tuesday. Prof. Drake, who is Head of the Department of Chinese and Director of the Institute of Oriental Studies of Hongkong University, traced the development of the Chinese capital in a very interesting talk. (Staff Photographer)



BRIDAL group outside St Teresa's Church, Kowloon Tong, after the wedding last Sunday of Mr Dermot McMahon and Miss Margaret Mary Patricia Barton. (Staff Photographer)

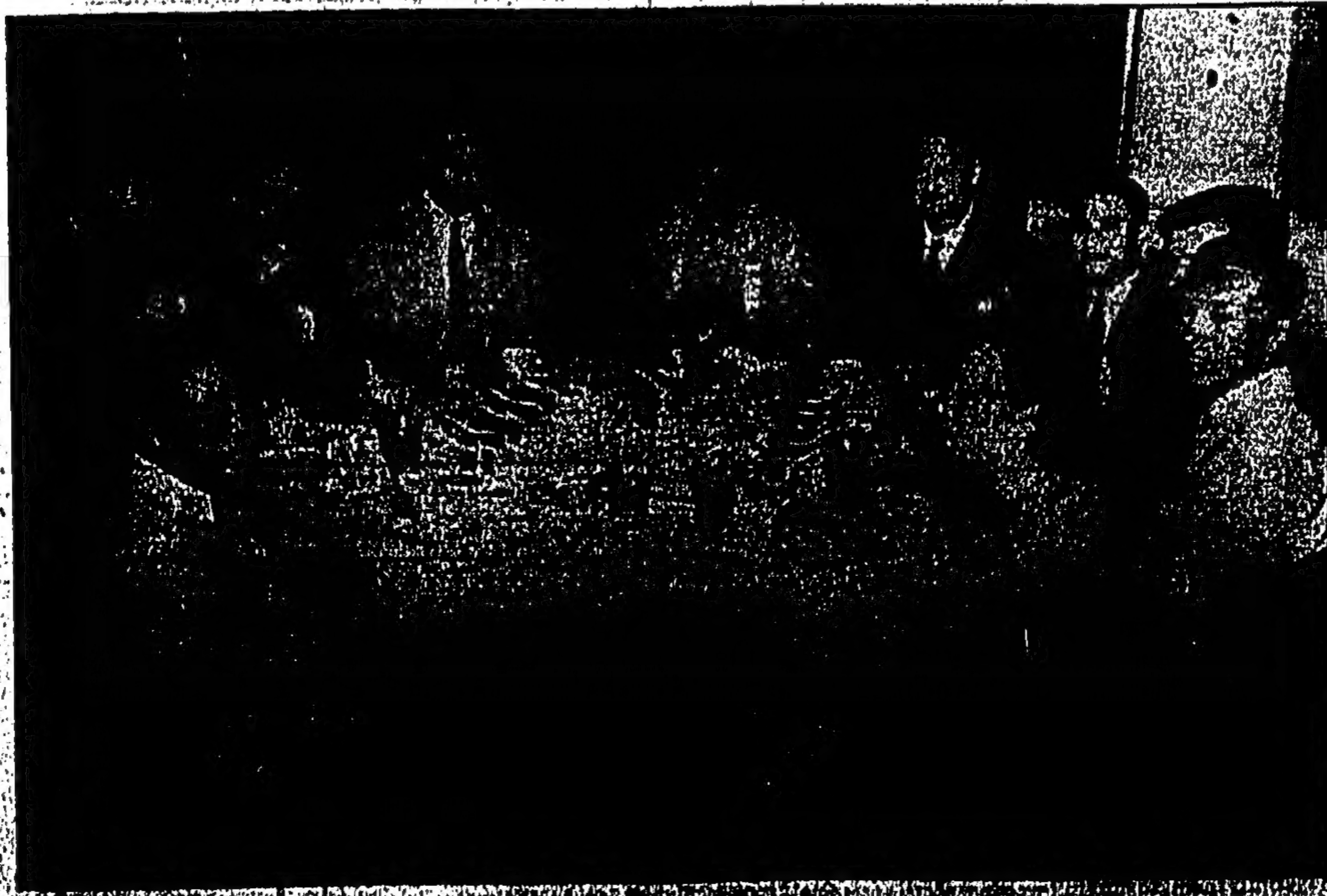


RIGHT: Hongkong Football Club and HMS Birmingham footballers who met in a friendly game last Monday. The sailors won by the odd game in three. (Staff Photographer)



ABOVE, RIGHT: Picture taken at St Joseph's Church on the occasion of the christening of Maureen Veronica, daughter of Mr and Mrs F. J. Anslow. (Roy Tsang)

BELOW: Mr W. H. Chinn, Social Welfare Adviser to the Colonial Office (fifth from left), seen at the dinner given in his honour at the China Restaurant by the Chairmen of various Káifong associations. (Staff Photographer)



On Show—

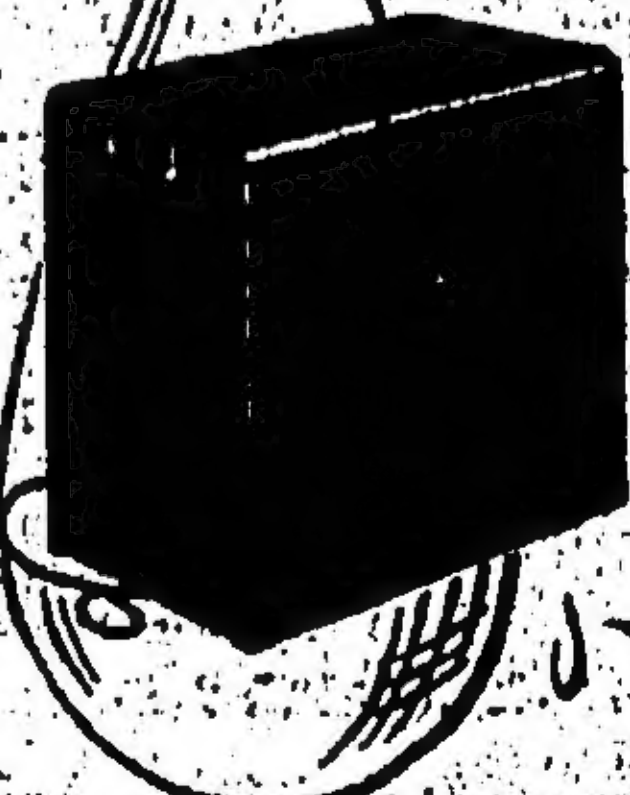
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MR Raphael Gomes da Costa and his bride, formerly Miss Norma Marie Larcina, photographed with friends after their wedding at St Joseph's Church last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Miss Jacqueline Pamela Leong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Leong, at her first Communion and Confirmation last Sunday at St Joseph's Church. With her are her parents and, behind, her godmother, Mrs Margaret Chen.

MR Tong Tai-kwan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bunnan Tong, and his bride, Miss Ehid-su, pay respects to the bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs Tong Tze-wai, in the traditional Chinese manner at the wedding banquet held at the Kam Ling Restaurant on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colleens, senior ladies softball champions, pose with the China Mail Shield presented to them at last Saturday's dance and prize night of the Hongkong Softball Association. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: At the cocktail party given at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club on Wednesday by Lt-Col. A. J. Snodgrass and Officers of the 1st Battalion, the King's Regiment. Left to right, Mrs Newton Dunn, Lt-Col. Snodgrass, Mrs Maundrell and Lt-Col. O. F. Newton Dunn. (Staff Photographer)

AT the reception given by the University of Michigan Club of Hongkong to Mr M. L. Niehuss, Vice-President of the University, and Mr R. O. Bonisteel, Regent. From left: Mr E. S. Yanne, Mr G. M. Hughes, Mr Niehuss, Mr Vincent Lao (President), Mr Bonisteel and Mr Jack Y. H. Yuen. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: The Special Constabulary Band entertaining patients of 33 General Hospital last Saturday. The Band was conducted by Inspector Andy Hidalgo. (Staff Photographer)



DISTRIBUTION of prizes at the Motor Sports Club dance, held at the Yacht Club last week. In top picture, Capt. A. J. Loch receives the Chairman's Cup for consistent attendance from the Club Patron, Mr Wallace Harper. In lower picture, Mrs Wallace Harper presents the Harper Trophy for the hill climb championship to her son, Mr R. E. Harper. (Staff Photographer)



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THE Command Workshops, REME, team who won the San Miguel darts tournament, with trophies presented last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



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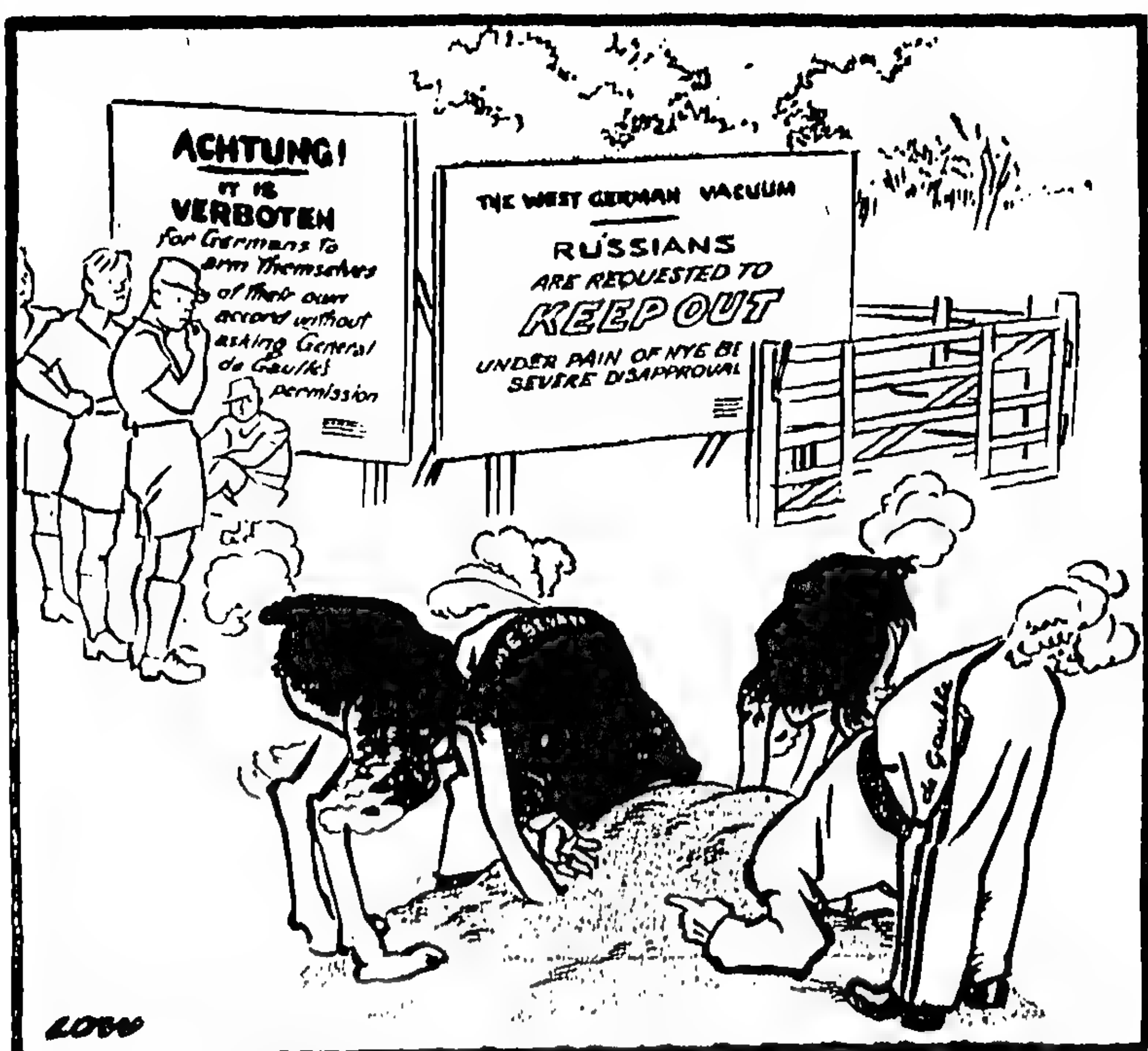
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SERVICES LEARN ABOUT POLAR CONDITIONS

TWO YEARS ON THE ICE-CAP

By PETER LOVEGROVE

"I BELIEVE Britain's prestige will be much enhanced and the lead we used to have in Polar exploration work will be largely restored," Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algegon Willis said in London when speaking of the achievements of the 25-strong British North Greenland Expedition, which returns to the United Kingdom in August after two years' scientific research in one of the loneliest and coldest spots in the world.

"The leaders and members have done fine work and deserve well of their country for their great efforts in surmounting all difficulties under very arduous conditions of country and climate."

On View

The Admiral is chairman of the Expedition Committee and this year's British Industries Fair is devoting a section of the vast Olympia exhibition hall to the work and equipment of the expedition, and to the British industrial firms which supplied it with their products, ranging from sewing machines and aluminium sledges to Arctic ale.

The Fighting Services have played a leading part in this expedition. The Army supplied three officers, Captain J.D. Walker (Royal Engineers), who acted as second-in-command during the first year, Captain G.R. Fletcher (R.E.), and Captain J.S. Agar (Royal Signals), the radio officer, three senior N.C.O.s, A.G.M.S. A.P. Boardman, S/Sgt. J.W. Oakley and W.O. H.D. Howard, all of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, eight Canadian-built Weasels, petrol-driven tractor vehicles which were converted by REME for Arctic conditions, and a wide range of winter-weather clothing and ration.

The Leader

The leader of the expedition is Commander (L) C.J.W. Simpson, of the Royal Navy, who also provided four other officers and a variety of equipment and stores. And without essential air lifts by the R.A.F.'s Coastal and Transport Command it would not have been possible to get the party on to the Greenland ice-cap at all.

Civilian members, mostly university graduates, consisted of meteorologists, surveyors, glaciologists, geologists, including gravity and seismic teams. There was also a Danish Army officer, who lost his life while on surveying work.

"This is an Arctic expedition in every sense of the word,"

Admiral Willis, "for although it has no such romantic object as reaching the North Pole it is operating within the Arctic Circle under conditions no less arduous as regards temperature and weather than other Arctic and Antarctic expeditions have experienced. In fact, it is the largest British Polar expedition since Scott's and Shackleton's Antarctic expedition early this century."

Vast Dome

Greenland is a huge island with a fringe of mountainous ice-free land around the coast. Otherwise it is completely covered by a vast dome of ice which rises to a height of 10,000 feet above sea level. Protruding through the edge of this ice-sheet in the northeast is a mountainous land called Queen Louise Land, and it is here and on the ice-cap to the west of it that the expedition has been mainly engaged in exploring and gathering information of value to various sciences. The expedition has also gained information and experience about living and travelling in the Polar regions which is of particular value to the Service.

Admiral Willis added: "The expedition has two bases—the Main Base at Britannia Lake at the edge of the ice-cap, and a small base called 'Northice' high up, near the middle of the widest part of the ice-cap and about 250 miles from the mountainous fringe.

Travelling

"The scientific and surveying work entails a great deal of travelling about on the ice-cap and one party is crossing from East to West this season and coming out near Thule, the large American air base on the North-West coast.

"The minimum temperature recorded is 45 degrees Fahrenheit (7 degrees of frost) at Britannia Lake and 82 degrees Fahrenheit (14 degrees of frost) at Northice. And there is generally a strong wind blowing which accentuates the effect of the low temperature. Then there is no sun in this high latitude (78 degrees North) between the last week of October and the middle of February, which precludes much travel, though members of the Expedition have got about in the twilight periods which of course are quite long during much of the time.

Glaciers

"Ease of travel in the Polar regions requires a snow surface and this unfortunately is in short supply in this part of Greenland which is one of the driest regions in the world. Near the edge of the ice-cap the country is intersected with glaciers which are very rough, hummocky ice and in the summer almost impossible to get about on except on foot carrying the necessary means of existence, such as tents, sleeping and cooking equipment and food.

There are no equivalents to Sherpas in Queen Louise Land. "In winter owing to the small amount of snowfall, conditions are little better. On the ice-cap the snow cover makes travelling easier, but here hidden crevasses are the chief danger."

Captain Walker told me that the snow bridges over these are apt to give way under the weight of Weasels and sledges. If a dog team went through it was not serious as the harness holds them up and they could be hauled out. But the weight of a Weasel was so much greater and that the bridge was liable to break. They lost a Weasel with trailer and a lot of gear in a crevasse last autumn—fortunately, without serious damage to the people in it. Equipment and clothing had proved very satisfactory, and much of value had been learned.

It will be some time after the expedition returns before the scientific results of its detailed studies can be published, but the public will be able to see a fine colour film of those two years on the ice-cap, possibly before the end of the year.

Suiting Your Personality

By JAMES WICKENDEN

IS your suit an investment? Savile Row says a good suit should be; it advertises personality more subtly than anything else man buys—even a car.

The car may be the firm's—or perhaps you don't possess a motor. Everyone has a suit, and not only business but social contacts are made with it. It's the only possession you always display in public.

All suits last, but only the good suit looks ageless. Everyone who buys "off the peg" knows how shaded lights and the deft tweak of the assistant can give a "perfect" fit.

The quiet, the attention and the soft carpet boost the sense of well-being. Parting with the cash is almost embarrassing. It seems an inadequate gesture to the occasion.

Then a week later the suit begins to sag. The knees bulge, and perhaps in a month spiky hairs spring from the lapels. The investment has turned into a liability.

Where was the mistake? The store was a big one and the price stiff.

The man who buys off the peg cannot be blamed. The intricacies of the tailoring trade are possibly beyond even the manager of the department, and unknown to the assistant.

It is more to the point to stick to a few safe rules.

Cloth is the first essential. Without good material, a suit will never keep shape, however much it has been worked by skilled hands.

Mass-produced suits today are too often made from a light cloth, say fourteen ounce. It is cheaper for the manufacturer and hard for the buyer to detect.

Yet nothing less than seventeen ounce cloth, say the tailors, should be put in an every-day suit in northern climates.

The way the cloth has been cut and the external stitching can be seen, but here again a layman may be misled.

Much of the carefully rucked hand-stitching on cheaper suits of the "spiv" or Edwardian type is mere display and does nothing towards keeping the shape.

The back and side seams of jacket and waistcoat of the trousers are the most vital lines where skilled work counts.

These, and the careful ironing of the cloth to the stance of the wearer, do most to give the right "hang" and keep it there.

In the end, the name of the tailor is the best guarantee. That is why that quiet bomb-damaged street, Savile Row, still makes the best there is.

Although a suit from Savile Row may cost between 30 and 45 guineas, it does what a good suit should do: it enhances the man instead of advertising the suit.

IN one of the London Colleges, the same bridge-table is occupied every day by the same five or six Nigerian students. In another, one corner of the Union Lounge attracts, every lunch-hour, most of the Indian students in that college. This, most of the people concerned say, is due to the colour prejudice—"bar" is, even they admit, too strong a word—prevalent in the University. Most of the British students vehemently deny that any such prejudice exists in colleges, though they admit it is quite strong in London as a whole.

ACCEPTED

"Coloured" is used in the sense non-white, for the exact tinge apparently doesn't matter so much. Those who complain of strong prejudicial treatment claim that it is in fact graded according to the shade; but the author has found nothing to substantiate this. One only needs to look at the Union clubs in the various colleges or in the University itself to realise that if a student has the necessary ability in a given field, he is accepted warmly heartedly into that club. His colour does not influence the selection; it is rarely mentioned, though it is inevitably noticed, being a physical characteristic. When someone says "What about that darkie?" the term is more often a descriptive, identifying one, rather than contemptuous or deprecatory. It is like saying "Where is ginger-head?"

DIFFERENT

"But," I can hear people protesting, "this only applies to the Unions. What about lectures, and labs, and tutorials?" Here is a slightly different situation. Here people are thrown together regardless of their choice, and have to make the most of their lot. The necessary degree of extraversion is not usually present in African or Asiatic people, while it is in Westerners. This results in the introverts being left out by themselves, while the rest start co-operating in their tutorials or seminars.

This article appears as the main feature in the first issue of the new London University weekly paper, The Sennet. The Editor has given permission for reproduction.

The consequence, however, is that the student concerned notices it, and if he is coloured thinks he is being 'ostracised'. If he looks closely, he will probably find some English student who also appears to be 'ostracised', and for the same reason.

This ostracism, where it exists, seems to be more prevalent in the Arts faculties rather than the Science one, in tutorials rather than in lectures. Arts students appear to develop an unconscious antipathy which the scientists (perhaps included) do not share. This is strange, since an Arts course is supposed to deal with 'humanities'. Man is just a body to a scientist, and its colour like that of his little gramme-weights, doesn't matter; while he is a human being to the Arts student, to be studied carefully first externally, and if that is satisfactory, intellectually. Friendship cannot come till then, and if the exterior is dark, the study often stops there and then.

OWN CODE

The ladies in the University seem to have their own code. In a University Hall of Residence for women, the British girls group themselves in the dining hall, and all—coloured and white—overseas students are therefore left to group themselves. These same British girls, however, would willingly have coloured partners at dances and other functions, and in fact some try to get non-English partners if they have the opportunity. Is this a reflection on the ladies' mentality or the Englishman's romantic ability?

The facts are hard to gather, for most statements on this matter are opinionated. The one undeniable fact is that most coloured students in the University do not mix with the whites. They either do not, or are not encouraged to, take a full part in the life of the college, academic, social or athletic.

After deep thought, I have come to the conclusion that

colour prejudice in the University is nowhere near as strong as some people try to maintain, and that its apparent manifestations are due to other causes, not due to the colour of the skin.

All overseas students at first tend to mix with their own countrymen, and while this is a good way to find one's feet in a strange country, it is often very difficult later on to break away from this group. Left too late it can become impossible. The hundreds of Indian students who live in their own hostels are outstanding examples. So are the hundreds from Africa and the West Indies who meet each other in British Council or other hostels. They then group together whenever they can, go out together, and eventually return to their homeland without having accrued any benefits, other than academic, of their stay overseas. Worse still, they go home with the inevitable belief that the English keep to themselves, are colour-minded and prejudiced against colour.

GOOD IDEA

The problem, then, I do not have to remove colour prejudice, but rather how to get the two to mix together. Union activities are definitely a great help. Friendship—or at least camaraderie—grows fast on the sports field or round a bridge table. Breaking away as soon as possible from one's own countrymen—after all it is only for three years or so—is another step. The local students might decide a little thought and effort to this problem. It is often not enough to accept a coloured student into your group, if he shows an inclination to join in. The Christians in the colleges make an all-out effort to 'catch' the overseas population by being consciously and ostensibly sympathetic towards them, and often succeed. It might be a good idea for athletic and social clubs in the colleges to do the same thing, and reap benefits.

It is only fair to add—purposely at the end and not at the beginning—that the author is himself a brown person, and an engineer in the making. It is too much to expect that the article will produce any sudden changes in your attitude. But if it makes you think on the topic or better still, provokes a controversy in The Sennet, its purpose will be served.

NOTE: London University has a larger proportion of coloured students than any other British University.

London. The store was a big one and the price stiff.

The man who buys off the peg cannot be blamed. The intricacies of the tailoring trade are possibly beyond even the manager of the department, and unknown to the assistant.

It is more to the point to stick to a few safe rules.

Cloth is the first essential. Without good material, a suit will never keep shape, however much it has been worked by skilled hands.

Mass-produced suits today are too often made from a light cloth, say fourteen ounce. It is cheaper for the manufacturer and hard for the buyer to detect.

Yet nothing less than seventeen ounce cloth, say the tailors, should be put in an every-day suit in northern climates.

Then a week later the suit begins to sag. The knees bulge, and perhaps in a month spiky hairs spring from the lapels. The investment has turned into a liability.

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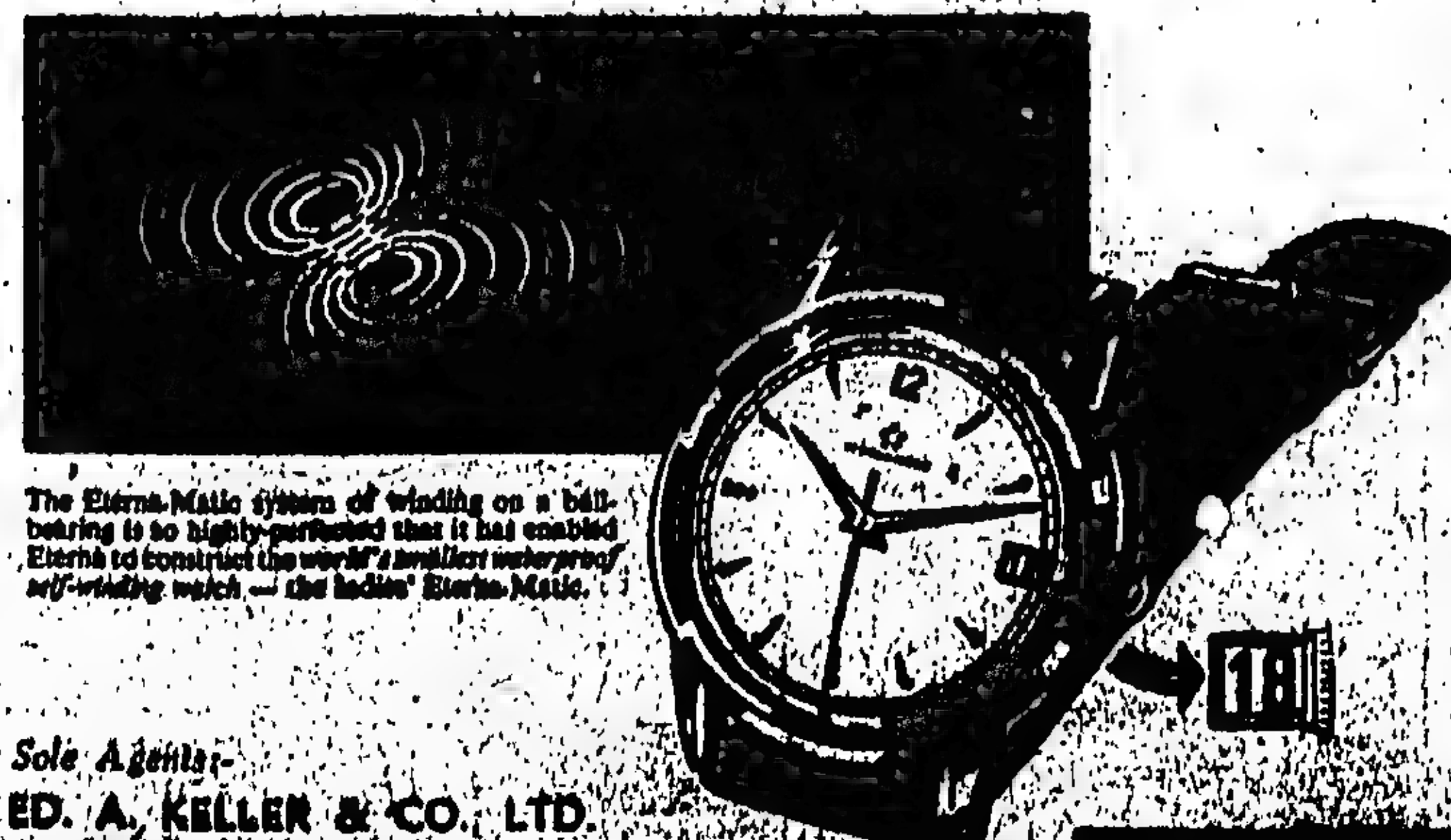
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DATO

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The first self-winding Calendar watch on a ball-bearing.

Eterna offers you a self-winding watch of two-fold value — not only does it tell you the time, second by second, but it records the date, day by day. • This new Eterna-Matic gives final and decisive proof of the exceptional merit of automatic winding on a ball-bearing. • The 5 microscopic steel balls in the Eterna ball-bearing are absolutely unbreakable. • Better still, instead of wearing out — as a "staff" does — this bearing (which is no bigger than a pin's head) is self-polishing, thus its winding efficiency increases as it works. • Needless to say, this constant automatic winding of the movement has a decisive influence on the accuracy of the watch and, at the same time, enables it to accumulate a power-reserve of 44 hours. • This amazing performance has so impressed leading New York reporters that they have spontaneously declared that the Eterna-Matic "eliminates" all previous winding systems.



The Eterna-Matic system of winding on a ball-bearing is so highly perfected that it has enabled Eterna to construct the world's smallest self-winding watch — the ladies' Eterna-Matic.

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ETERNA

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

NANCY SPAIN CRIES— How Improper, Daphne!

NO doubt you have heard of Miss Daphne du Maurier. She is the 47-year-old wife of Sir Frederick "Boy" Browning (Prince Philip's Treasurer), mother of three, daughter of matinee idol Sir Gerald du Maurier, granddaughter of the creator of Svengali,

and great - great - grand - daughter of notorious Mrs Mary Anne Clarke, friend of that Duke of York who lent his name to the steps, the nursery rhyme, and the barracks.

Miss du Maurier is something of a sensation in her own right too. Ever since her motor-car ran away backwards down Prince Arthur Road, Hampstead, in 1928 she has been hitting the headlines with great, rhythmic romantic blows. Her daddy even had a silver statuette of little Daphne on the front of his motor-car.

They say of Miss du Maurier that she is "shocking at spelling." That her father told her "Never trust anyone with brown eyes."

But sometimes Miss du Maurier says things too. "Writing is easier to do than other professions," she says. Or "I love my loneliness." Or "If I were someone else and had to read Rebecca it would appal me."

Miss du Maurier hates London, can't cook, drinks, and time, supported the Oxford Group, and has settled £50,000 on her children. This money was made by writing.

Consider the first page of her new historical novel **MARY ANNE** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.). Here she introduces her heroine, great - great - granny Mary Anne Clarke, "Memory," remarks Miss du Maurier, "like a sudden haemorrhage, flooded the mind." Now I think that phrase perfectly revolting, don't you?

But worse is to come. For Daphne du Maurier's Mary Anne makes Kathleen Winsor's Amber look like a wholesome hockey-playing prefect from Rockeas.

Commissions for sale

Mary Anne is born in Bowling Lane, by Fleet Street. She is determinedly married to a warlord called Joseph. With four children to keep she decides upon a life of ill-fame. And she goes from gentleman to gentleman until she encounters the Duke of York.

Once established, she turns a pretty penny selling commissions in the Army, until all is discovered and laid bare before the long-suffering British Public.

This stuff, it seems, is a matter of history. Indeed, Miss du Maurier originally had it in mind to write a "proper biography."

But she couldn't. She lacked "information." Instead, she wrote a highly improper novel.

Horror....

THIS is a sad week for literature. For the only other new books are two of the type known to the trade as True Life Adventure.

RAFT OF DESPAIR (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is by a French deserter from the Foreign Legion called Eusebio Tira. A year ago he and his friend Eusebio jumped from a troopship into the Indian Ocean, carrying with them a rubber raft, a hot-water bottle filled with red wine, and a little plastic bag with scraps collected from two days' meals.

They hoped to paddle to Sumatra within a few hours. Instead, three weeks later, Tira was picked up, horribly emaciated and ulcerated, Ericsson had been eaten by sharks.

Savage

I SURVIVED (Evans, 12s. 6d.) is equally savage. This one, by Geoffrey Lias, tells the tale

of a young Austrian officer in Hitler's Army. "Erwin, Germanovitch," Erwin, afraid to be taken prisoner by the Russians, pretends to be Russian. He does it so well he is called up into the Red Army, where he becomes a sergeant, has amazing adventures, even occupies Berlin.

Now in books like these I always look for a message.

I found no message at all in "Raft of Despair." And although Erwin in "I Survived" tells me that his entire reason for existence became a wish to tell the world the truth about life in the U.S.S.R. he never convinced me for a minute. These two books left a negative flavor in my mind as dank as the smell of a prison yard.

But what else can I expect in a week when that pretty romanticist Miss Daphne du Maurier goes wallowing in the gutters of literary falseness?

SILENT ROOSTERS IN 5 YEARS IF—

By MARGARET SHIPLEY

Cambridge. THERE is hope—albeit hope slender as a bantam's leg—of undisturbed slumber at last for poultry-keepers and their neighbors.

Moved to pity by the plight of an Essex gentleman—who wrote recently of "loud-voiced cockerels who start up, not at dawn, but at 3 a.m. or earlier"—I set forth in search of the crowless cockerel.

I am now able to report that at Cambridge agricultural research station, where freaks of bird-kind flourish, they would consider possible the production of a strain of silent roosters within five years—

If the poultry-keeper can supply one such freak as initial material. If the crowing characteristic follows a certain rhythm of

production (otherwise the strain would take longer to establish).

If the hypothetical bird-hatched crowless—were normal in all other respects.

This the eugenic experts consider unlikely.

"Ability to crow," said Dr D. G. Gilmour at the Cambridge Agricultural School, "is the bird's badge of masculinity."

"When he sticks out his chest, throws back his head and produces a beautifully piercing crow he is, in effect, saying he is a fine fellow raring to mate."

"By all the rules the silent cockerel would be a case of 'No crow, no mate.'"

I began to feel the learned doctor's sympathies were leaning to the side of the roosters. Modern science, I told him, should be able to do something better than this for the gentleman from Essex.

He agreed and told me of certain expedients which can be adopted by public-spirited poultry-keepers.

A cock crows at any sudden increase in light, not necessarily daylight. If he sees the moon rise he will greet it, even in the midnight.

But to produce a crow he must be able to stretch his neck. To prevent it, shut him up at dusk in a space about an inch lower than his standing height and he will be silent.

It isn't cruel, especially if no light is let in—he naturally squats down to sleep. He can be put in the breeding run during daylight.

Another method of slapping down over-voiced birds is the injection of a chemical—

but this method cannot be used on breeding birds, as it also silences the mating urge—no crow, no mate.

It is unpopular with those who dislike "interfering with nature." Others may feel that interference with their sleep overrides this consideration.

CHANGE OF NAME The Parizaka streets, is to be renamed "The Street of Socialist Trade." Only shops selling goods "representing the Socialist spirit" will be allowed. All shops of a purely "local character" (i. e. free enterprise) will be moved to a side street.

PHONEY A men who posed as SAINT a Saint in order to rob the poor has just been arrested in Gragnano (south Italy).

In 1933, a priest living in Gragnano had a dream in which St Mark appeared to him. He appeared so often that the priest began to believe that it was not a dream but a true vision. "Troubled by this, he went to Venice—to pray in the church of St Mark. Upon his return to Gragnano villagers ran to greet him with the news that St Mark had, in fact, 'appeared' (and was appearing regularly) in a cave just outside the town.

The priest hurried to the cave followed by his parishioners and there, sure enough, in the gloom was a figure in white. The figure "spoke" and suggested that it was about time somebody did something about building Gragnano a new church.

For all anyone knew, if the church were big enough, Gragnano might become a second miracle town like Lourdes. All that was needed was money but, if the villagers would bring their money to the cave, he (St Mark) would bless it.

For months the villagers religiously took their money to the cave and left it for blessing. They would still be taking it there were it not for the fact that "St Mark" took to wearing an expensive wrist watch. Later, he admitted to the police that the priest's "vision" gave him the idea.

MAN When a dog bites a BITES man, it does not make news. Nor, in this day and age, it is news when a police dog catches a thief.

A slight stretch of the time-honoured maxim, however, may make it news when a thief catches a police dog.

At any rate, the situation caused more than a little consternation in Cairo.

But, the police force's prize dog—an animal who has captured more than 50 criminals in his short career—went missing from his guarded kennel. A little thought revealed that the thief must be his trainer, if only because the trainer was the only man who could approach Baul without being eaten alive.

The trainer was soon caught and it turned out that he had proposed to sell the dog to a gang of drug runners.

Now the trainer is safely tucked into goal and Baul is back in his kennel.

HOT SPOT Now the Germans are going to warm up the north sea. The idea is part of a campaign to put Heligoland, the little island which was British until 1899, back on the map as a tourist resort.

Pipes will be run under the sea to arm an aqua which will be enclosed as a giant swimming pool.

Another Bonn brainwave, however, will probably do more for business. The government has decided to restore Heligoland's duty free cigarettes and drinks.

TALKS A two-year-old Moneys' Italian girl, born TALKS, is learning to talk—thanks to the generosity of Milan prison inmates.

Inside the prison, 54-year-old Domenico Botta, once known as "The King of the Swindlers," read about little Lucia Boccetta's affliction and learned that it could be overcome only by a costly and complicated operation.

Her father, a miner in a marble quarry, had no hope of raising the money.

So Domenico, who used to boast that he could talk anybody into (or out of) anything, set to work. First he pumped his "colloquies" in prison. That netted £60—but it wasn't nearly enough.

Then he wrote to a famous surgeon, Luigi Ferri. The letter was so moving that Ferri promptly agreed to perform the operation.

Soon Lucia will speak her first words. Her hospital teachers have the first lesson well in hand. It contains three words "Grazie Senor Botta" (Thank you, Mr Botta).

Then she will journey to Milan and meet the silver-tongued Mr Botta in his cell.

ONLY THE BEST At Jangalore, in Madhya Pradesh, India, sorrowful friends and fellow imbibers gathered at the funeral pyre of a noted drunkard. Someone poured petrol on the logs and struck a light. Nothing happened. The mourners tried kerene. Still nothing happened.

Then someone suggested liquor. Two bottles of wicked native brew were fetched. The pyre burst into flame.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

DOWN

- 3 Flog (4).
7 Prepared (5).
8 Way out (4).
9 Discourteous (4).
10 Sundry (7).
12 Gripe (4).
15 Gets up (5).
18 Ashen (4).
19 Skilled (5).
21 Banish (5).
22 Sink (4).
23 Drugs (5).
26 Rapid (4).
29 Go between (7).
30 Grew old (4).
31 Dandy (4).
32 Vestment (5).
33 Job of work (4).

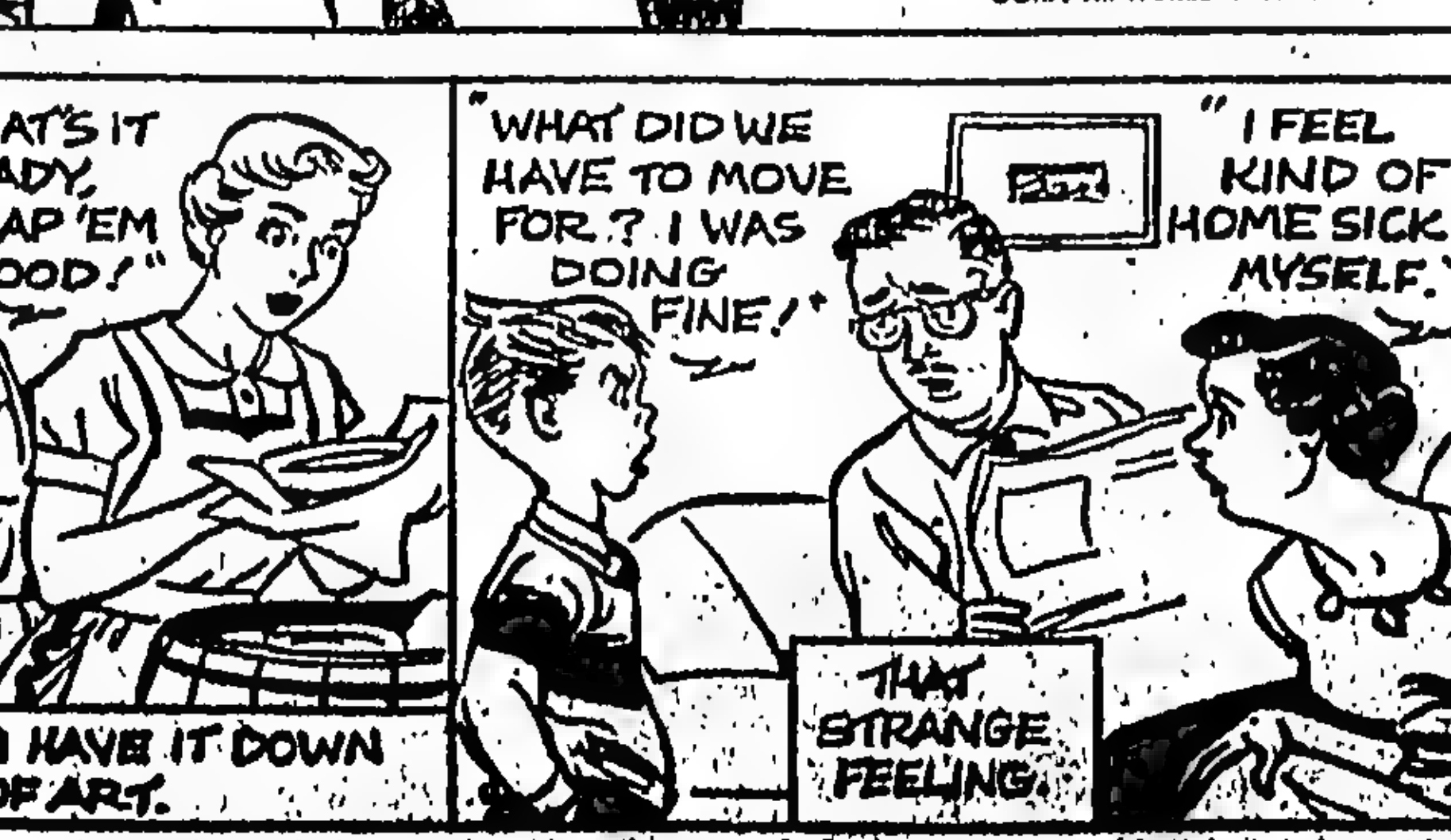
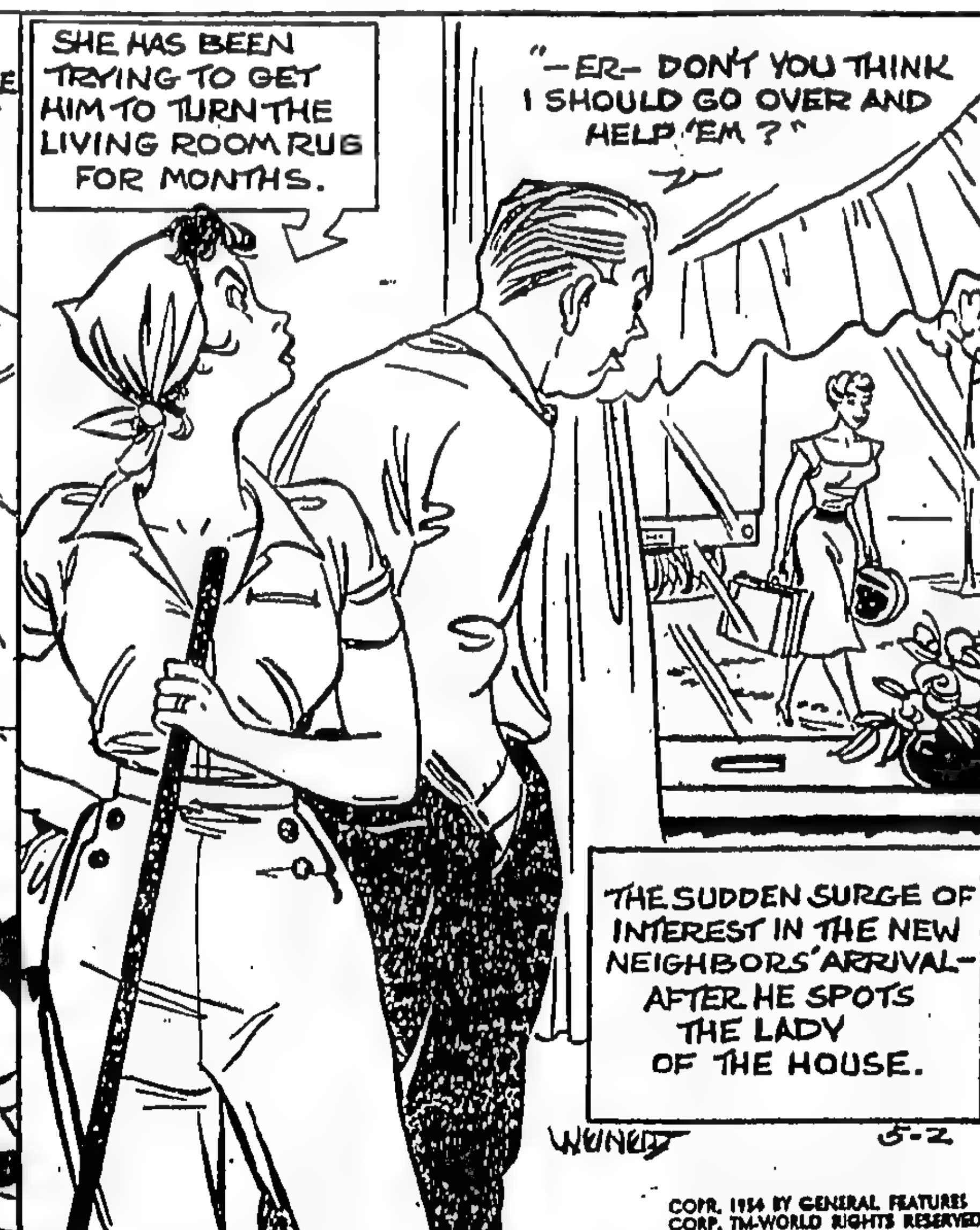
- 1 Ease off (6).
2 High naval rank (7).
4 Divert (5).
5 Take notice (4).
6 Prevaricator (4).
9 Trick (4).
11 Lubricated (5).
13 Detail (4).
14 Children (4).
16 Satisfied (5).
17 Bombard (4).
18 Seeds (4).
20 Refrains from (7).
22 Hastened (4).
24 Signs (5).
25 Quiet (5).
27 Afresh (4).
28 Tight (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD. Across: 1 Oatler, 7 Epic, 9 Spout, 10 Satan, 11 Iks, 13 Importance, 15 Edge, 16 Loon, 19 Makentent, 22 Stem, 24 Agent, 25 Vogue, 26 Plan, 27 Halted. Down: 2 Stoop, 3 Later, 4 Rascal, 5 Reagent, 6 Pink, 8 Pured, 12 Scent, 13 Jiles, 14 Ornament, 17 Omega, 18 Scotch, 20 Novel, 21 Eagle, 23 Tall.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Moving Situations

BY HARRY WEINERT



SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

There Is Deep Concern In Local Soccer Circles Over Several Matters

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

There is deep concern in many circles at some of the comments made by Mr Lee Wai-long in his broadcast talks from Manila during the recent Asian Games. The talks were picked up in Hongkong and relayed to a wide cross section of the Chinese speaking population.

Many listeners have reacted most unfavourably to the heavy criticisms of Mr Tom Sneddon, the official Hongkong soccer coach, which formed part of the broadcasts. They feel that Mr Lee far exceeded the limits of good manners and accepted practice, especially when one remembers that his own interests and therefore his loyalties lay with another team competing in the same competition.

Mr Lee Wai-long has a great reputation and a unique place in the Far East football. Many still speak of him as "China's greatest-ever footballer" and his influential position adds authority and authenticity to his personal comments on the game.

In view of all these factors it is important to hear that an important figure in local Chinese football has confessed to being a little ashamed and embarrassed at the tone of the broadcast material.

I do not pretend to be able to understand the Chinese language, but in this matter I have had the benefit of the most reliable reports on the broadcasts, and I can understand why they have caused concern to people who are normally counted among Mr Lee's greatest admirers.

Naturally I can take up no definite point of view in this matter as I have had to rely on comments for my information, but I do know that the whole affair is being given the most serious consideration in certain circles.

Mr Tom Sneddon is a man of proven ability. He has played in the highest class of football and his coaching record is an impressive one. I find no axes for anyone but I do like to see fairness and fair-dealing for all and these important factors seem to have been absent in this case.

Before offering your comment on this matter I suggest that you thoughtfully review the circumstances. Consider why these two coaches went to Manila at all, who they

had under their control, and then weigh up the ethics of it for yourself.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL

The success of the Hongkong footballers who took part in the Asian Games as representatives of the Colony and of China has surely convinced even the most caustic critics that the standard of our football cannot be so bad after all. During the season I have strenuously opposed the idea that our game has generally deteriorated. I believe that the play of our men has disproved the claim of inferiority, and I also believe that over the season they have achieved a great deal.

However, I have now run up against a new school of thought which intrigues me. The other day I was told in all seriousness, that our football HAD deteriorated and that our partial success was due to the fact that we haven't deteriorated as much as some of the others.

However, if there was a back-handed compliment then surely this is it. Used to be said that a pessimist was a man who considered that bad was good enough. Surely this latest suggestion springs from just such a man.

GOOD SUGGESTION

On Thursday afternoon I was having a quiet talk with one of our keenest football patrons. He has been in the Colony a long time and I believe he is accepted in most football circles as being a fair and rational critic.

However, if I put his name to his current suggestion I doubt if

he would retain his popularity for very long. He suggested that the next Council Meeting of the Hongkong Football Association should be held in the China Fleet Club Theatre and that the football public should be invited along to watch it! He assured me that it looked like being the most entertaining affair in a long time. After he had suggested a possible agenda I realised what he was getting at. Behind his reasoning was the whole question of this Asian Football Confederation which has loomed so brightly on our horizon for the past two weeks.

Several subsidiary points which he produced were as follows. The fact that the new body nominated a President without apparently first having accorded him the courtesy of preliminary information, according to the Franco-Thai release from Manila on Thursday.

Hongkong is now enumerated among the members of the new Confederation. Hongkong officials have been named for important posts and so it goes on.

The Racing Calendar is usually out at the beginning of the racing season and it is my opinion that a back-log of postponed matches could be easily avoided if League matches during the racing season be fixed on Sundays instead of Saturdays.

A reversion to Saturdays as playing days could be made when the racing season ends, which in the case of this year falls on May 22.

To further ensure that scheduled matches are not held in abeyance for too long a period, the introduction of some sort of legislation to the effect that in the event of matches being postponed for some good reason or other, these matches must be played off during the succeeding week, would be of great help.

Here is the full programme:—
Today
Army vs. Kwong Wah at Club Stadium, 5.30 p.m.
South China vs. St. Joseph's at Caroline Hill, 5.30 p.m.

Tomorrow
Sing Tao vs. KMB at Club Stadium, 5.30 p.m.
Tuesday
South China vs. Police at Caroline Hill, 5.30 p.m.

Wednesday
Royal Air Force vs. KMB at Club Stadium, 5.30 p.m.
Eastern vs. Army at Sookun-poo, 5.30 p.m.

Thursday
South China vs. Kwong Wah at Club Stadium, 5.30 p.m.
This glut of games will compel the fans to pick their football fare with special care, but with South China involved in three matches, and league-leading KMB in two, there will be no lack of interest for the public realises that the slightest slip by either side will probably finish their title prospects.

THE HARDER TASK
It looks as though the Buzmen have been set the harder task with games against Sing Tao and Royal Air Force. The Tigers have not reached the heights they had hoped but they are still a hard side to beat, and with a man like Ho Chung-yau in the line-up against them the KMB boys will not be able to take anything for granted.

The clash of KMB and the Royal Air Force on Wednesday may well prove to be the vital match in the Championship race. The airman can rise to great heights as they showed against South China, but they can also on occasions be very disappointing.

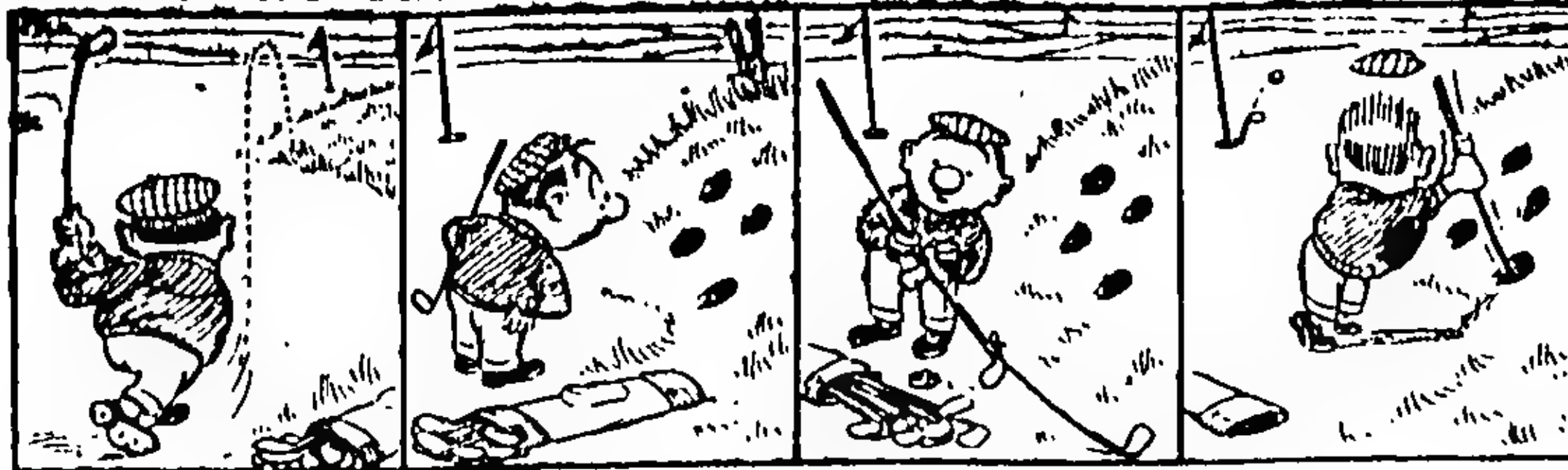
Could slip up
South China are faced with two strangely difficult games and unless they enter both of them with determination they could very well slip up. Their opponents, Police and Kwong Wah, are both capable of springing a surprise and, as Kwong Wah have already taken two points from the Champions, the Caroline Hill boys will have no mistaken impressions about this game.

They will also remember, no doubt, that they were fortunate 2-1 winners over the Police on the delightful Boundary Street turf and once again only their best form will see them through this return fixture.

All-in-all this is a vital week for the two top teams. Their players must have a long and stirring season and while their opponents in these forthcoming games have been resting for the last couple of weeks their players have been engaged in the high tension of competitive play at the Asian Games. It is all a very interesting situation and we shall watch the matches with special interest.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



LAWN BOWLS REVIEW

POSTPONEMENT PROBLEM COMES UP AGAIN

Empire Games Selectors Have Quite A Job

By "TOUCHER"

The 1954 Lawn Bowls League season which opened last Saturday could not be said to have made an impressive beginning. Out of the nine First and Second Division matches scheduled only four were played off. Two further matches were played during the week, leaving at the end of the week still three games unplayed.

These early season postponements have been a recurrent problem of the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association from year to year as the early season matches often coincide with the Races at Happy Valley.

In view of the dampening effects of these postponements on interest in the League, it is surprising that attempts have not been made to find a solution.

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The clash of KMB and the Royal Air Force on Wednesday may well prove to be the vital match in the Championship race. The airman can rise to great heights as they showed against South China, but they can also on occasions be very disappointing.

Could slip up
South China are faced with two strangely difficult games and unless they enter both of them with determination they could very well slip up. Their opponents, Police and Kwong Wah, are both capable of springing a surprise and, as Kwong Wah have already taken two points from the Champions, the Caroline Hill boys will have no mistaken impressions about this game.

They will also remember, no doubt, that they were fortunate 2-1 winners over the Police on the delightful Boundary Street turf and once again only their best form will see them through this return fixture.

All-in-all this is a vital week for the two top teams. Their players must have a long and stirring season and while their opponents in these forthcoming games have been resting for the last couple of weeks their players have been engaged in the high tension of competitive play at the Asian Games. It is all a very interesting situation and we shall watch the matches with special interest.

a player's performances not only in the trials, or in the present and last season, but on his consistency in producing top class bowls during the last few years in League, Championship and Interport matches.

There can be cases of a player who has made a phenomenal rise in one season or two, but I doubt if there has been any such in Hongkong.

This factor of experience and consistency will be more enhanced when it is remembered that the selected Hongkong team will be playing on a foreign green and against foreign players.

Ability to adapt oneself to the green will be an important factor for the player than brilliant form in the trials. This was amply proved in the last Interport match between Shanghai and Hongkong at Shanghai. At least two of the team played extremely poor games during the trials but did very well in the actual games at Shanghai.

I therefore expect that these trials that are being arranged will be more useful if the concentration of the selectors be centred on confirmation of these qualities by the eight or ten likely candidates.

Another interesting subject for discussion that arose of the week's lawn bowls activities is the forthcoming participation of Hongkong in the Empire Games at Vancouver.

Lawn bowls being lawn bowls and not like badminton or tennis where there is a definite class of individual standard, the task of selecting a team of five players to represent Hongkong is going to be a very difficult one for the Selection Committee.

This task has been eased to a little extent by the withdrawal of three KBGC bowlers, which now leaves 20 possible prospects of the original list of 23.

Out of these two, a few will be eliminated by the Empire Games citizenship regulation which requires that all participants must be British subjects and must have resided in Hongkong for a continuous period of six months before the date of the event.

An official circular requesting particulars of citizenship status is being sent out to all the trial participants.

Although everyone of the 20 players who submitted their names is being given a chance to show his worth in the trials, a further number could be easily eliminated for not being up to standard.

Even at this early stage the range of likely candidates can be limited to only between eight and ten players.

A FEW POINTS
I do not know what principles will guide the selectors in choosing the team, but it is hoped that a few points will be borne in mind when they do make their final choices.

In the first place it is hoped that selection will be based on

single one of the six matches played ended in a 5-0 score. This seems to argue well for a keenly contested League season. Recreio proved to be the most successful club of the week, winning both their two First Division games and also their Second Division one.

In taking a 3-2 decision over Craighower, their champion "Blues" First Division team did not, however, show too much of the brilliance of Johnny Ribeiro's rink that carried them through.

Craighower fielded no fewer than five new players in their team and that they did manage to extend their highly favoured opponents should give heart to such teams as KCC, KBGC and IRC who should be well among the top contenders this season.

Both Talkoo and USRC failed to come up to expectations in the Second Division and putting what HKCC has to show, the title looks like going to either Recreio, IRC or HKCC.

THE BOWLING CLUB will be away to Recreio "Whites" and on paper have perhaps the strongest team they have had in years.

I expect them to go very far this season and possibly win the Championship if only they can produce a sound average form.

Kowloon Cricket Club does not seem on paper to be as strong as they were last year and will include a number of newly promoted players in their ranks.

However, persistent and dogged play has in the past seasons made them tough customers for any opposition and it will be for the top teams not to underestimate them this season.

Police Recreation Club, though beaten 4-1 by IRC last Saturday, gave the most gallant performance of the week, extending the Indians on all rinks and losing on the aggregate by the narrow margin of four shots.

They are going to be formidable opposition with a little more practice and should give the Cricket Club an extremely close game this afternoon.

TODAY'S GAMES
First Division
Recreio "Blues" v. FC.
CCC v. KDC.
Recreio "Whites" v. KBGC.
KCC v. PRC.
IRC (bye).

Second Division
HKCC v. CCC.
HKCC v. Recreio.
USRC v. KBGC.
KCC v. RC.
IRC v. PRC.

LAST WEEK'S MATCHES
In reviewing last week's matches one feature stood out prominently and that is the comparatively close scores produced in all the matches. Not a

THE STRANGE CASE OF PETER LOADER

An England Prospect —But He Can't Find A Place In County XI

By ALEC BEDSER

Perhaps it could happen only in English county cricket.

Here we have the strange case of Peter Loader, my young Surrey colleague, rated by many sound judges as a possible candidate for the tour to Australia later in the year — and yet he is not sure of gaining a place in the county eleven!

Surrey, county champions for two successive seasons and confident of making it a hat-trick, have three Test bowlers — Jim Laker, Tony Lock and myself. And only when Test calls created vacancies last season did Loader get his chance in the first team.

Yet so well did he seize his opportunities that in 620 overs he captured 80 wickets at 18.28 apiece. His medium to fast bowling became the talk of the counties and he went to India during the winter with the Commonwealth side.

he is awarded a cricket bag — normally a very expensive item.

An Andy Sandham, once Sir Jack Hobbs's opening partner and now Surrey's coach, said to me the other day: "The youngsters of today certainly get looked after. Times have changed a lot since I first played cricket." I know they have.

Only because of a doubt about his sparse frame did he miss going with the M.C.C. to the West Indies. In India he was a distinct success and what was most satisfactory he gave no suggestion that he was not capable of standing up to long spells of bowling in gruelling conditions. Altogether he made a great impression.

But now he returns as an international prospect without a guarantee of playing in the county championship unless there are injuries or Surrey have to provide players for England. Why cannot he be given a place?

Well, the new ball is shared by Stuart Surridge, the skipper, and myself. Promising as he is Peter could hardly replace the dynamic Surridge, who has done so much to put Surrey at the top.

It is the old story of a brilliant individual having to bide his time because it would be unwise to upset a more or less settled team. But Peter's chance will, of course, come later.

I have heard it suggested that in the interests of English cricket he be loaned to another county for the season to enable him to extend his experience and at the same time give the M.C.C. the chance to see exactly how good he is over a period of months.

ONE CONSOLATION

I suppose there could be such an arrangement with the approval of the authorities but I could hardly believe that Surrey would want to lose such a valuable recruit in what to them is another important season. Loader has one consolation, at least. You can't keep a man down for long.

Down at Sussex by the sea there is another young bowler burning with ambition and in an unusual position. He is Robin Marlar, the former Cambridge University captain and an off-spinner not far from the class of Jim Laker and Roy Tattersall.

The son of a headmaster of a famous public school, Robin has been granted a summer's leave from Eton College, where he is a master, to play for Sussex. I am wondering what is going to happen should Robin be invited to tour Australia — and it is a distinct possibility!

Sussex, by the way, are to be captained for one season only by another schoolmaster on leave of absence.

When David Sheppard announced his intention of entering the Church they were at a loss for a leader until Hubert Doggart, who played for England twice against the West Indies in 1950 was granted a term's absence from Winchester. Lucky Sussex! But they will still have to face up to the captaincy problem next year.

USEFUL ORGANISATION

Writing of Sussex I must refer to a most useful organisation they have in support of the parent body — the Welfare Association. Among their self-appointed tasks is to fit out the young professionals with kit and when a player is "capped"

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

TWELFTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 22nd May, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.)
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.
The First Race will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years. Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each and Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 5, D'Agallier Street and 382, Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on the race day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TOWN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. M. B. A.
Secretary

POP



Rabbit Hot-pot



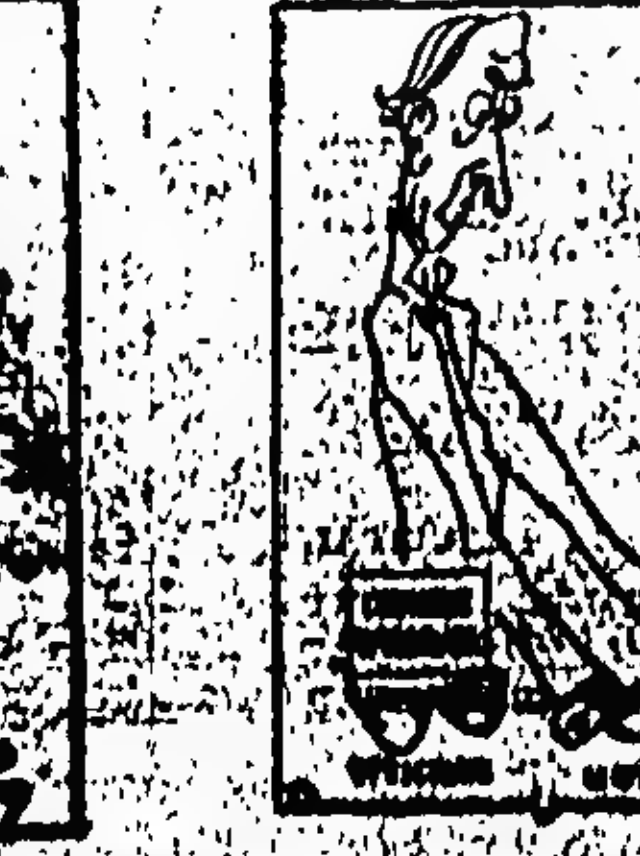
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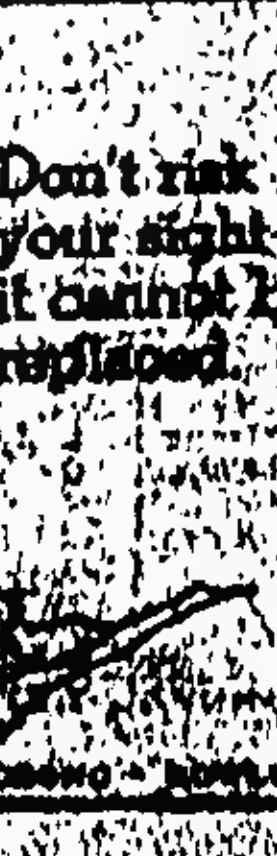
Don't risk your night it can't be replaced.



Don't risk your night it can't be replaced.



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YOUR WEEKLY GOLF ARTICLE

Don't Be A Victim Of The "Hooks" For A Single Shot More

Says BERNARD HUNT

(Britain's Top Money Winner Of 1953)

Most amateur golfers seem to get the fault of slicing a long time before they ever run into their first spasm of hooking. Not that that makes the hook any more acceptable.

A ball hit into the rough on the left of the fairway can cost just as many extra strokes as one cut away out to the right. And we come back to the old truism that only the good straight shot is any real good in golf.

Whenever I have discussed the hooking problem with my father we have never been able to agree that any one fault is the root cause of the trouble. It is usually the accumulation of several flaws creeping in, one working in with another.

Very often the main cause of the hook is the too-quick roll of the wrists which closes the club-face as it comes in on the ball. Or, alternatively, it can be caused by the wrists not rolling at all and thereby bringing the club face on to the ball completely closed.

Either of these doubtful achievements stem from other faults. Particularly from a bad grip, a shut stance which brings the shoulders round and away from the true line, a loose left hand grip which allows the right to roll completely over at impact, or a

swing which has been allowed to drift too far "round the corner."

Your particular fault may be any one of these "but as you can check through them all very quickly there is no cause for alarm about that. One of the important things about all remedies in golf is DO NOT EXAGGERATE THEM. If you exaggerate a cure you produce another fault."

TAKE CAREFUL THOUGHT
What I mean is that a slight alteration of grip, the slight opening of the stance, that little bit more control with the left hand, is all that may be necessary. Don't go to extremes. Apply a little careful thought and you will understand it quickly enough.

Most of the hooking faults which have come to my notice have been hand problems. That is, the orthodox has been scrapped and the right hand has gone well under the shaft and the left hand correspondingly too far over. This is a most bound to bring the club-head on to the ball with the face shut.

My remedy is simple. I say get back to the first and simplest principles of the game and grip the club naturally. Oddities of grip never pay off. I take my club shaft between the palms of my hands and just grip it. The back of my left hand is square to the hole and the palm of my right faces exactly the same way. I grip pretty firmly—not fiercely—so that I have hand control throughout the shot and I am sure it is the simplest and best grip in the game.

Next thing I've noticed about the hooker is the closed stance. The fact that the left foot is rather forward than the right is not half as important as the fact that it has automatically brought the left shoulder further forward than the right one. That, exaggerated in any way, can completely alter the swing.

Here again I didn't think exaggerations or extremes can be a good thing. I think the square stance and the simple orthodox grip is by far the best.

HAND POWER

If you get these right I think you will find the right balance in your swing more easily. If you have tended to swing too sharply inside the line on the way back, try taking the club away on a straighter path.

When you have done that come to a free, full pivot and then strike well through the ball.

I mentioned earlier the fault of the loose left hand. We all recognise it. But rather than stress it here I would rather urge a better, more controlling grip throughout all

Wrong Grip



This is the hooker's grip. Notice how the right hand has slipped under the shaft and the left hand over it. This brings the club on to the ball with the face closed ready for the hook. The simplest is the best.

Correct Grip



This is my grip — the simplest and most serviceable in the business.

your shots with both your hands.

Remember this... It is your hand power which controls your golf power. And above all never be put off by the cliché that you use "too much right hand." Your right hand is your power hand. Make full use of it.

So the thing to do is to consider your faults methodically. Your grip, your stance, your swing, your pivot. Check them

over one by one and take yourself on to the practice ground to try them out.

Better still, discuss them with your professional and get him to help you try them out. I am certain these points we have made are simple. But the simplest thing can sometimes become the most difficult when you are trying to work it out on yourself.

But certainly don't be a victim of "hooks" for a single shot longer than is necessary.

SPORTS SURVEY

By All-Rounder

QUALIFIES AS REFEREE AT 14... Who will referee the Cup Final in fifteen years' time? One who stands as good a chance as anybody is David Taylor, of Blackpool. He is yet only fourteen years of age, but he has already passed the Lancashire Referees Association preliminary examination. A Blackpool Grammar School-boy, whose goal is Wembley, now officiates in the local Association of Boys' Clubs League. He was a reserve goalkeeper for his school and hardly ever got a game, so he took to "lining" matches. He was encouraged by his master and was soon "out in the middle."

MINIATURE GOLF... Described as having the perfect golf swing in miniature for every shot in the bag, little Nicholas Job, son of the Wrotham Heath (Kent) Club professional, is not yet five years old and weighs only three and a half stone. He has a set of six clubs with which he practises every day. He has already played in a junior competition!

LITTLE OLD LADY... Although she is 72 years old, Miss Polly Smith, oldest supporter of Arnold St Mary's FC (Nottingham), had her seat at Wembley's Cup Final. She made the train journey alone and stayed in Town for the night to see the celebrations.

NO DUCKS — TWO CROWS
There were no "ducks" in the League cricket match between Redcar and Stockton (Durham), but there were a couple of crows. The Redcar club has been worried by jockdaws on the pitch, so Secretary Arthur Briggs got a gun, shot two crows, placed them between the wickets on sticks and the old remedy was a success.

SO NEAR, SO FAR...
When their big rivals, Wilsons FC, were beaten by Hall Athletic, Cottingham United celebrated the winning of the Hull Amateur League. Cottingham were then three points ahead and Wilsons had only one more match to play. But the flags were up too soon. The League discovered that Hall Athletic had played several first team men and the game was ordered to be replayed. Wilsons won it, were also successful in their other match—and so took the Championship.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE...
What a difference two seasons can make in the fortunes of a footballer! Two years ago Jim Taylor was first team centre half of Fulham, he toured the USA and Canada from coast to coast with them, gained International "caps" and flew on to join the English World Cup party in Brazil. The following season he was relegated to Fulham Reserves, this past season he has not had a good spell with Queen's Park Rangers, and now he is leaving them to become player-manager-coach to Tunbridge Wells Rangers, the Kent League side.

BIGGEST FREAK GOAL...
The freak goal of the season, perhaps of all time, was scored by Aberdeen against Rangers in a "C" League Cup tie. An Aberdeen forward charged Rangers' goalkeeper George Niven, but he was able to resist the charge and hold on to the ball. His cap, however, went flying into the net. The referee gave a goal, refused to be moved from his decision and was upheld by his linesmen!

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Scotch Whisky
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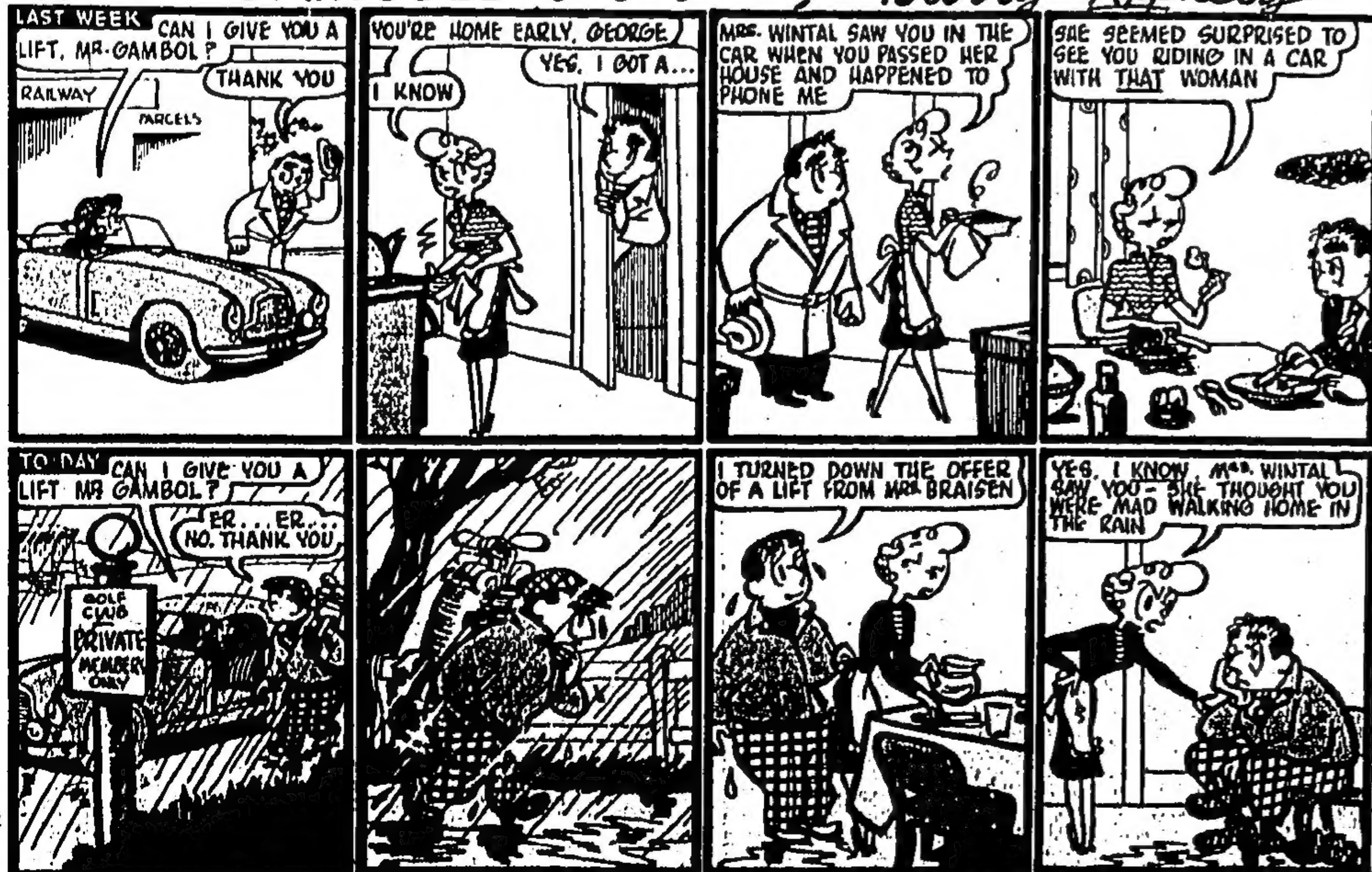
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TOWN BOOKING OFFICE, side lane, Shell House.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



What is Cadyl?

Cadyl is a proprietary brand for a scientifically tested compound of cleansing emollient and tonic skin oils. The application of Cadyl to the skin by the regular use of Rexona soap helps to give a healthier, cleaner and smoother skin.

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"SZECHUEN"	Singapore, Penang & Belawan	10 a.m. 17th May	
"ANSHUN"	Singapore	Noon 18th May	
ARRIVALS FROM			
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	7 a.m. 17th May	
"HUPEI"	Shanghai	10th May	

A.O. LINE LTD./C.N. CO., LTD., JOINT SERVICE

SAILINGS TO			
"TAIWAN"	Port Moresby, Sydney & Melbourne	Noon 16th May	
ARRIVALS FROM			
"CHANGIE"	Kobe	29th May	

BLUE FUNNEL LINE

Scheduled Sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said			
	Leaves	Arrives	
"ANCHISE"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd May	24th May
"CLATONUS"	Genoa, London, Rotterdam & Hamburg	24th May	25th May
"PYRHIUS"	Havre, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th June	6th June
"ALIAS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th June	14th June

Scheduled Sailings from Europe

	Leaves	Arrives	
"PYRHIUS"	Liverpool	Sailed	In Port 11th May
"ALIAS"	do	do	27th May
"CLATONUS"	do	do	29th May
"ANCHISE"	do	do	6th June
"PYRHIUS"	do	Sailed	12th June
"ALIAS"	do	do	24th June
"CLATONUS"	do	do	30th June
"ANCHISE"	do	do	8th July

Carriers' option to proceed via other ports to load and discharge cargo. Rotation of ports in Japan and Indonesia at ship's option.

De La Rama Lines

ARRIVING FROM U.S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC COAST PORTS.

	Sails N.Y.	Sails S.F.	Arr. H.K.
"HAINAN"	Sailed	Sailed	In Port 11th May
"AGAMEMNON"	do	do	7th June
"DONA AURORA"	do	do	16th June
"DONA ALICIA"	do	do	28th June
"BATAN"	25th May	16th June	15th July

SAILINGS for NEW YORK, via SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CRISTOBAL and JAPAN

	Leaves	Sails	Arrives
"MANGALORE"	19th May	20th May	20th May
"AJAX"	4th June	6th June	6th June
"HAINAN"	19th June	20th June	20th June

Accepting cargo for Kingston and to Central & South American ports on through bills of lading

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Route	DC-4	Depart Hongkong
HK - Saigon - Singapore	(DC-4)	9:00 a.m. Monday
HK - Bangkok - Singapore	(DC-4)	10:00 a.m. Tuesday
HK - Manila - B.N. - Batavia	(DC-4)	7:00 a.m. Mon. & Fri.
HK - Hong Kong - Singapore	(DC-4)	12:00 noon Wednesday
HK - Bangkok - Singapore	(DC-4)	4:00 a.m. Thursday
HK - Bangkok - Hongkong - Calcutta	(DC-4)	1:30 p.m. Friday

All the above subject to Alteration without notice.

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Arrives	May 18	from Singapore
Sails	May 18	for Kobe & Yokohama.

"REBEVERETT"

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Sails	May 21	for Singapore, Penang, Rangoon & Calcutta.

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"STAR BETELGEUSE"

Arrives	May 10	from Singapore.
Sails	May 10	for Pusan, Kobe & Yokohama.

"STAR ALCYONE"

Arrives	May 23	from Japan.
Sails	May 23	for Singapore, Port Swettenham, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khormashahr, Basrah, Kuwait & Bahrain.

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Wife's Laziness Made New Food

By Lee Priestley

KANANA, the Arab merchant, looked about his tent with distaste. The hangings sagged, the carpet that covered the sand had gone long unswept, the cooking pots were smoke grimed.

Then he stirred the heap of rugs where Fatima, his wife, still slept noisily although the sun was high in the heavens. "Rise, thou lazy one!" he commanded sharply.

Fatima groaned and stretched. Then she turned her face to the wall of the tent and burrowed into the cushions. If she kept

Kanana reacted to her invention. "Oh, my head!" The husband looked down at her uncertainly. He did not wish to be unkind although he suspected that his handsome but lazy spouse was tricking him again. "Only get me some milk for the evening meal, then," he said gruffly. "I will attend to the packing myself."

When he had gone through the tent flap, Fatima beamed herself enough to empty a bowl of milk into a skin bottle that her husband could hang from his saddle. Then she returned to her couch and groaned convincingly until the merchant departed.

Kanana thought about his laziness while that evening when he opened the skin bottle and prepared for his evening meal. The milk with a handful of dried dates would make a good meal. He would have to think of some plan to cure Fatima of her laziness.

Would Not Pour

The milk would not pour from the skin bottle. Frowning, Kanana upended it over his bowl and thumped it heavily. Out fell a thick yellowish curd. Kanana stared, and then examined the skin bottle.

There he groaned. Fatima had carelessly dumped the milk into an uncured bottle. But the mess that resulted tasted far better than milk.

Fatima, Kanana's lazy wife, had carelessly dumped the milk into an uncured bottle. But the mess that resulted tasted far better than milk.

quiet perhaps Kanana would do for himself whatever unwelcome task he proposed for her.

"Up," shouted the husband angrily. "Know you not that I must go forth this day on the trade routes to meet the camel caravans? How can I sell anything to the camel drivers if they have already gone when I reach the oasis? And gone they will be if you do not rise and help me to pack."

Fatima groaned then and laid her white hand upon her forehead. "It is the pain again," she murmured, peeping beneath her long lashes to see how

Other and better housewives found ways of curing the curd that was produced by the action of the sunset in the calves' stomachs on milk, and so the first cheese was made. Many countries and communities became famous for the varieties of cheese produced there, and the world was richer for one of the great staple foods.

A Game Of Tag With Mr. Merlin

—He and the Shadows Wore Shoes with Wings—

By MAX TRELL

KNAIF and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, were playing tag with one another when Mr. Merlin the Magician came along.

Mr. Merlin watched Knarf and Hanid for a moment or two as they ran back and forth across the garden. Finally he called to them. They came over, smiling with pleasure. For Mr. Merlin was one of their favourite friends.

"Ah," Mr. Merlin said after they had all exchanged greetings. "I see you are playing one of the best games in the world."

A Different Way

"Yes," said Hanid, "we're playing a game of tag."

"Why don't you play it with us?" Knarf said to Mr. Merlin.

Mr. Merlin shook his head. "I'd like to. Only I don't play it the same way that you do."

"How do you play it?" Hanid asked the magician. She never knew that tag could be played in any other way except in the way that she and Knarf were playing it.

"Well," said Mr. Merlin, "the rules are the same in my way of playing tag and your way of playing tag. There's only one difference. In my way of playing tag, you have to wear tagging-shoes."

Knarf and Hanid looked puzzled.

"Tagging-shoes?" said Knarf.

"What are tagging-shoes?"

It was Mr. Merlin's turn to look surprised. "What? You don't know about tagging-shoes? Just a moment—"

Mr. Merlin took a little book out of his pocket and looked up the address of a certain magical shoemaker. "Come with me," Mr. Merlin said to Knarf and Hanid. "I'll buy you both a pair of tagging-shoes."

Shoes With Wings

The magical shoemaker's shop was at the end of a little street that Knarf and Hanid had never seen before. The shoemaker was an old man with rosy cheeks. "Tagging-shoes? Certainly! I've got just the right size," he said when Knarf and Hanid walked in with Mr. Merlin.

He brought out the tagging-shoes. They looked like ordinary shoes except that there was a pair of wings on each of the heels.

The instant they put on their tagging-shoes, Knarf and Hanid took flying steps around the



3-3

The Magical Shoemaker was an old man with rosy cheeks.

magical shoeshop. They glided through the air!

Mr. Merlin also bought a pair of tagging-shoes. Then they all returned to the garden.

"And now," said Mr. Merlin, "let's play our game of tag!"

"What a game of tag it was! No one had ever played tag like this before!"

Mr. Merlin chased Knarf and Hanid. With their tagging-shoes on, Knarf and Hanid went skimming over the grass. It was like sailing in the air. They called over bushes and hedges. They darted over fences and chimneys! They slid over the top of the gate and went skimming up one sweet and down another.

Circled the Policeman

They circled around a policeman who looked at them in amazement as they whirled around his head. He blew his whistle, but they darted away.

They skidded over motor-cars and buses and trolleys and fire engines and taxicabs.

Dogs ran after them, trying to jump up and reach them. A whole flock of sparrows joined them and flew with them. Everyone in the whole city stopped whatever they were doing to watch this extraordinary game of tag.

"I wish they had tagging-shoes, too!" Mr. Merlin laughed.

And that night, when they went to sleep, Knarf and Hanid carefully placed the tagging-shoes by the side of their beds. They were going to play again in the morning.

But in the morning, the shoes were gone. And they never found the magical shoemaker again, no matter how hard they looked for his shop at the end of the street.

ZOO'S WHO

A CAMEL IS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD BEFORE IT IS FULL-GROWN...



RATS ANNUALLY EAT ABOUT 200,000,000 BUSHELS OF GRAIN IN THE UNITED STATES...

OF ALL FOOD CONSUMED IN THE U.S., ONE-FOURTH IS SUPPLIED BY DAIRY COWS, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER...

BUCKETBALL GAME

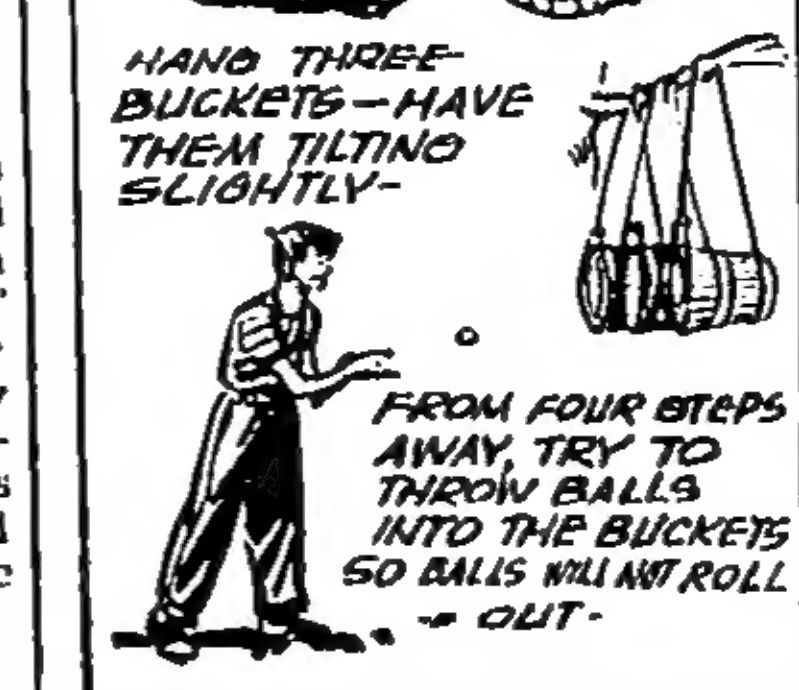
HANG three buckets in a row with the ball into whichever bucket you choose.

Now get some of your friends to play the game with you. Let the bucket at the right count 3, when a ball stays in it. Count 2 for the middle bucket, and 1 for the left.

Take turns in throwing the balls. If you have two balls, let the first one who plays, throw both of them, one at a time.

Then let the next player throw both balls, and so on.

The one who first makes a score of 25, is the one who wins the game. If you can't remember the scores, have someone write them on a sheet of paper opposite the name of each player.



IF YOU WISH YOU MAY WRITE NUMBERS ON THE BOTTOMS OF THE BUCKETS, NUMBERING THE ONE AT THE LEFT 1, THE MIDDLE ONE 2, AND THE RIGHT ONE 3. THIS IS NOT NECESSARY, HOWEVER, BECAUSE YOU CAN EASILY REMEMBER THE NUMBERS.

Starting at the buckets, take long steps away from them until you have taken four steps. Now throw balls and see if you can make the ball drop into one of the buckets and stay there. After you have practised a little while, you will be able to place

GAME WITH WORDS

ADD one letter to each word below, so that it will mean a sound made by a person or an animal. For example: you can make OWL into HOWL by adding the H.

Put the new letter in anywhere, beginning, middle, or end. Do not change the order of the letters as given.

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| 1. ARK | 13. CHIP |
| 2. SAD | 14. HOW |
| 3. ALL | 15. RUNT |
| 4. WEE | 16. WINE |
| 5. BAY | 17. PEAK |
| 6. LEAD | 18. BEAT |
| 7. STICKER | 19. HOOP |
| 8. RELY | 20. TILL |
| 9. PEP | 21. AWL |
| 10. SQUAW | 22. TITTER |
| 11. HAT | 23. AIL |
| 12. OAR | 24. ROAN |

(Solution on Page 20)

JIMMY WENT TO THE STORE...BUT LOST HIS WAY. CAN YOU HELP HIM GET HOME? DON'T CROSS OVER LINES OR GO BACK....



Rupert and The Lost Cuckoo—21



While Rupert listens Mr. Noah explains the mystery. "Every year I arrange a special picnic," he says. "And I only invite those who need it most. When my messenger went to Newwood he decided that your cuckoo and the Squirt's wheatear took the

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"CARTHAGE"	29th April	31st May
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"CANTON"	26th June	26th July

Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore

Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CARTHAGE"	4th June	5th July
"CORFU"	2nd July	2nd August
"CANTON"	31st July	31st August

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FREIGHT SERVICE

Homewards	Loading	For
"SHILLONG"	4th June	Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang, Aden, Suez, Suez, Casablanca, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg

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"WARLA"	due 12th June sails 13th June	from Japan for Singapore, Rangoon, Chittagong & Calcutta

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"OLINDA"	due 18th May sails 19th May	from Persian Gulf for Japan
"UMARIA"	due 26th May sails 27th May	from Japan for Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khormashahr, Basrah, Kuwait, direct, other P. & O. Gulf ports via Bombay
"OBRA"	due 26th May sails 27th May	from Persian Gulf for Japan

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 15

BORN today you have definite literary talents and should cultivate them. You are very critical of yourself as well as of others and since your taste is excellent, you might become a recognized critic of the arts, whose opinions are looked up to even in your own generation. Your intuitions are keen, you know how to make friends — while criticizing them — and will probably have a large group of acquaintances. You are sharp when it comes to a business deal and will never be left for long with your accounts on the wrong side of the ledger.

Select someone in marriage who has similar cultural tastes or you will find that you cannot be content. Your ties of home and family are very strong and your loyalties would never permit a change, even if you found you had made a mistake the first time, so be careful.

Among those who were born on this date are: Joseph Cotton, actor; Arthur Schindler, playwright; Constance Cummings, actress; William S. Ramey, statesman; and Clifton Fadiman, critic.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 16

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20) — Get spiritual inspiration from attendance at the church of your choice today.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21) — Be careful in the past, if you are driving. The other fellow may not be as careful as you are.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) — Your devotion at church are important before you embark upon any kind of relaxation or recreation.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) — If it is a pleasant day, be sure to get out into the open. Spring should be beautifully hot!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — Put aside any worries you may have. Attempt to work day work. Relax tensions and take stock of life.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — Others may not be as cautious in driving as you are. So keep an eye out for "Careless Jack."

BORN today, you have a rather stern nature which faces facts and deals with them no matter how difficult or unpleasant they may be. You have a strong sense of duty and are very much attached to your own home and family. You have a good head for business and should get out on your own in life. You are so independent to work for others and your greatest success will come when you are your own boss. You have a strong will and a great deal of determination.

You have a bright, if at times, sharp sense of humor, and you are loving and affectionate. You enjoy good music. You would make a fine partner of the arts. You have a very retentive memory. Strangely enough for one so practical otherwise, you are intuitive in your thinking and can make instant snap decisions which are usually exactly the right ones.

Among those who were born on this date are: George Ade, humorist; Level P. Morton, financier and statesman; Philip D. Armour, merchant and philanthropist; William H. Seward, statesman; and Margaret Sullivan, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 17

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20) — You will get better results by complimenting a person on what is good, rather than flouting fault.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21) — Excellent aspects for love and romance. Perhaps make or receive a proposal, if unwed. Home life should be happy.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) — Perhaps by offering to help another, you will help yourself. This often happens, you know.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) — Be obliging if someone asks for help, but refuse to do something that another should do himself.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — Friendliness can prove a great joy as well as an advantage. Make it mutually beneficial.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — Keep strictly clear of all arguments which might lead to serious quarrels. Be your stand on neutral ground.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) — Be alert to an important opportunity and be sure not to miss a good chance for advancement.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — If dealing with accounts and figures, be very accurate. You could make a serious error, otherwise.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — A budget is something to guide you—not to make life miserable. Do your best with yours.

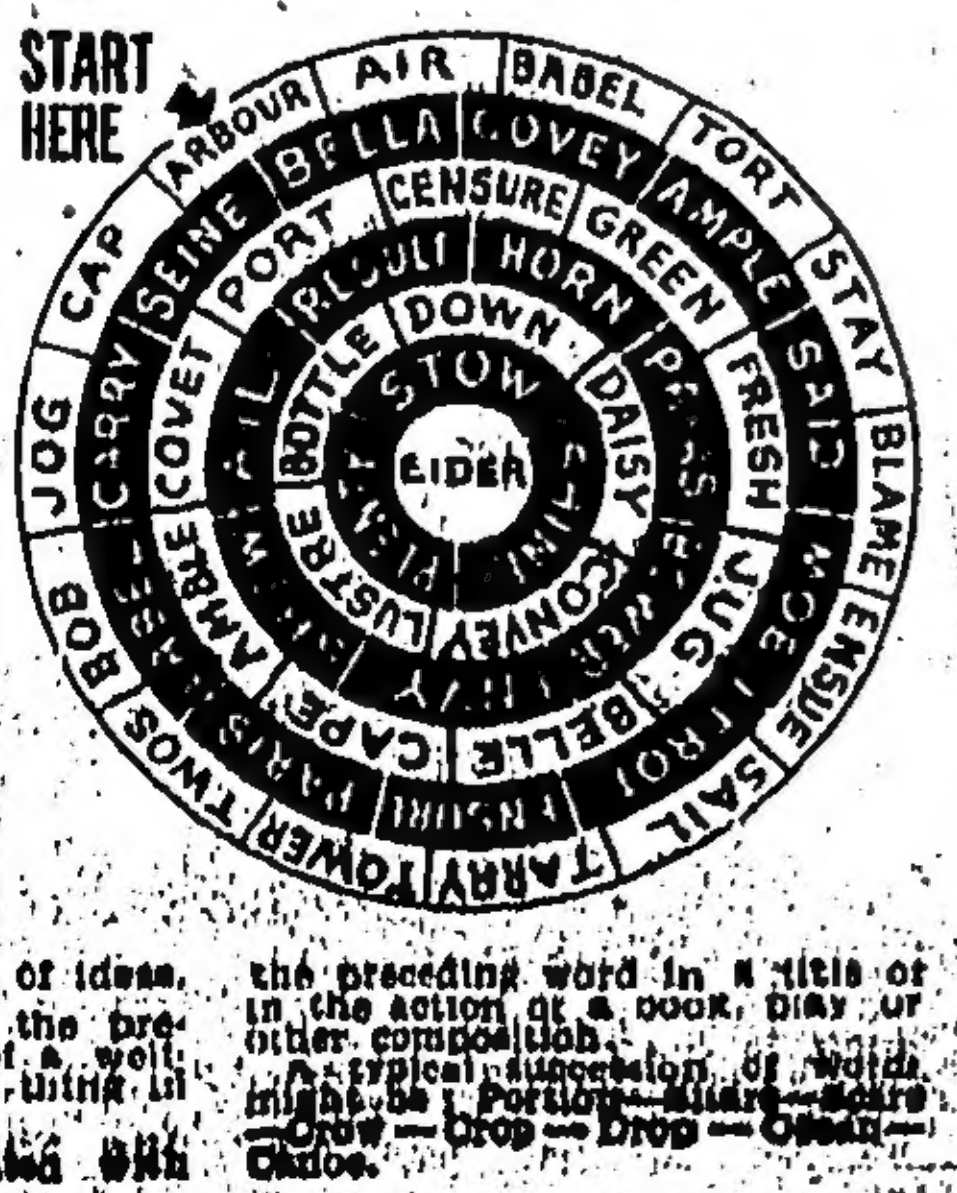
AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) — You should be "rarin' to go" this morning if you have had a restful, invigorating week-end.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) — Be strictly honest with yourself.

DART WORDS

IN today's Dart Words, I have set a starting point and a goal for you. You reach the objective by rearranging the other 40 words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

- RULES**
1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
 2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
 3. It may be a word adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
 4. It may be a word with the same first or last letter as the preceding word.
 5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing.
 6. It may be a word that is the reverse of the preceding word.



(Solution on Page 10)

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Ingenious Plot Wins Tricky Bridge Hand

By OSWALD JACOBY

WALTER S. TURNER, of San Francisco, is probably best known on the West Coast as the originator of a very interesting bidding system, but he is also a pitiful and subtle card player. In today's hand, "Buzz" Turner cooked up an ingenious plot to guard against a danger that most players wouldn't think of.

The bidding was quite reasonable, and the final contract was sound. With a normal trump break, South could practically spread the hand for 12 tricks against any defense.

West opened the ace of hearts, hoping that declarer might have two losers in the hand. When East played the deuce of hearts, however, West shifted to the queen of diamonds. Dummy naturally won the second trick with the king of diamonds.

See if you can do as well as Walter Turner on the next play.

When the hand was actually played, Turner promptly led the ace of diamonds from the dummy after winning with the

NORTH		WEST		EAST	
♠ K 8 6		♠ A J 4		♠ J 10 4 2	
♥ Q 8 3		♥ Q J 9 7 5 4		♥ 10 8 7 2	
♦ A K 8 6 2		♦ J 9 7		♦ 8 6 5 2	
♣ A					
SOUTH (D)		South		West	
♠ A Q 8 3		♠ 1		♠ 4	
♥ K 5		♥ 2		♥ 3	
♦ 10		♦ 3		♦ 6	
♣ K Q 10 4 3		♣ 4		♣ Pass	
Neither side vul.					
		Opening lead—♥ A			

king of diamonds. There was good reason to believe that East had no more diamonds, and the idea was to find out what East would do about it.

If East thought the matter over very carefully, it would be quite reasonable to suppose that East had four trumps and that he didn't want to jeopardize his trump trick.

If East ruffed low South could overruff and could then draw trumps without fear. If East ruffed with an honour, it would be reasonable to suppose that he also had the other missing trump honour.

In short, declarer had nothing to lose by leading dummy's ace of diamonds, and he could hardly fail to gain useful information.

When the hand was actually played, East played a low trump on dummy's ace of diamonds. This made things very easy for declarer.

East ruffed and drew two rounds of trumps with the ace and king. When trumps failed to break, South cashed the ace of clubs, got to his hand with the king of hearts, and ruffed a club with dummy's last trump. He continued by discarding a club on the queen of hearts, after which it was easy to ruff himself in, draw the last trump, and claim the rest of the tricks.

Q—The bidding has been: North—1♥, 2♥, 3♥, 4♥, 5♥, 6♥, 7♥, 8♥, 9♥, 10♥, 11♥, 12♥, 13♥, 14♥, 15♥, 16♥, 17♥, 18♥, 19♥, 20♥, 21♥, 22♥, 23♥, 24♥, 25♥, 26♥, 27♥, 28♥, 29♥, 30♥, 31♥, 32♥, 33♥, 34♥, 35♥, 36♥, 37♥, 38♥, 39♥, 40♥, 41♥, 42♥, 43♥, 44♥, 45♥, 46♥, 47♥, 48♥, 49♥, 50♥, 51♥, 52♥, 53♥, 54♥, 55♥, 56♥, 57♥, 58♥, 59♥, 60♥, 61♥, 62♥, 63♥, 64♥, 65♥, 66♥, 67♥, 68♥, 69♥, 70♥, 71♥, 72♥, 73♥, 74♥, 75♥, 76♥, 77♥, 78♥, 79♥, 80♥, 81♥, 82♥, 83♥, 84♥, 85♥, 86♥, 87♥, 88♥, 89♥, 90♥, 91♥, 92♥, 93♥, 94♥, 95♥, 96♥, 97♥, 98♥, 99♥, 100♥.

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SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1954.



SE ASIAN MILITARY DEFENCE TALKS

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

George's Coup

IN the full light of day, when the West End streets were crowded, George brought off his greatest coup. Within range of a thousand pairs of eyes, he slid up to a parked car and opened an unlocked door. He thrust an arm inside and pulled out a bulging hold-all, shut the car door and melted into the unobtrusive crowd.

He must have seen that moment as his finest hour. For every day, as George well knew, men go to prison for stealing cars. And he had stolen one and was free.

BEHIND THE DOOR HE headed towards the room he had in Soho. Every so often he took a quick look over his shoulder, half expecting to find the law on his heels.

He was within a few yards of his lodgings, taking a last triumphant look about him when he realised that he was being followed. George took to his heels and bolted into the common doorway of his lodgings, about which a crowd of idlers lounged gossiping.

George threw the bag behind the doorway, and waited, panting, for what should happen next. Waiting, he heard the idlers saying eagerly on the other side of the door, "George is the thief, mister. Just sent him to the prison, officer."

LED OFF THE TRAIL? THERE was only one thing for it, bluff. George was not much of a hand at bluffing. He snatched into the street. "That's him, the neighbours screeched. That's the thief, just out of prison."

"Wot bag?" George said, when the plain-clothes policeman asked him. One went inside and fetched the hold-all out. "Oh that," said George, "a man gave me that."

At How Street next morning, George, a pale man with silver-white hair and darkly hollowed eyes, pleaded not guilty to stealing the bag.

"The substance of his defence," said his solicitor, to the policeman who had told of the arrest, "is that you were led off the trail of the man you had been following by the allegations made at the doorway."

THE CONTRAST "NO, sir," said the officer. "My attention was attracted to him by the nature of his appearance and the newness of this hold-all."

And, indeed, the contrast was marked between the new, expensive-looking grip he held up and George's dusty, ancient clothes.

"After I had arrested him, he said on being questioned: 'I got it from a car,'" said the officer. The case was found proved, and Mr. Frank Milton, the magistrate, asked if anything was known of George.

"He's 62 years old, sir, and there are 66 previous convictions," the officer answered. "He came out of prison three weeks ago."

FINAL CHANCE? HE began to tell the rest of George's sorry life story. An eight-year sentence in America, deportation; 10 crimes in Dublin, 18 court-martial offences during three years in the Army; all but five of his crimes were of theft.

"In mitigation, I can only say," said George's solicitor, "that he instructs me that he worked nearly 12 months in Manchester up to the time of his last sentence."

"Would you give me a final chance?" George asked. "No, I won't," said the magistrate firmly. "People who show themselves a complete menace to society ought to be shut away. I'm surprised it hasn't happened to you before. You will go to Sessions for sentence."

George closed his eyes and sighed a long sigh and left. A man from whom hope had departed, who had driven out hope from his doors.

Reported Clash Of Views Between Britain And America

Anglo-American differences on the scope of the proposed five-power military staff talks on Southeast Asia are holding up the announcement of a start to the talks, according to well-informed quarters.

A formal announcement that military staff talks would begin shortly between Britain, France, the United States, Australia and New Zealand had been forecast for this week.

It is now by no means certain that it will be ready for announcement even by Monday when Sir Winston Churchill is to make a statement to Parliament on the British attitude to Southeast Asian security talks.

The expectation in London was that the five powers would agree to use an existing staff agency in Singapore for the talks.

At the root of the delay in announcing plans for the talks, already understood to be agreed in principle, appears to be a clash of view on whether the discussions should be in any way linked with plans to set up a collective defence agreement for Southeast Asia.

Britain considers the military talks should be without commitment of any kind and without reference to plans to establish a Southeast Asia defence pact.

Aim of the talks in the British view would be to discuss in military terms the possibility of guaranteeing a settlement for Southeast Asia should this be agreed at Geneva.

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Vain 6,000-mile Journey To See Dying Father

Toronto, May 14. A 20-year-old youth who hitch-hiked the final lap of a 6,000-mile trip from Egypt arrived in Toronto yesterday to find that his father had died.

Eric Wildman had been flown to England, Iceland and then Montreal to visit his seriously ill father, William Wildman.

As an airman in the Royal Air Force, he was given top priority for the trip.

When he reached Montreal, however, he found he had to hitch-hike the rest of the way. It took him 11 hours, and at the end he found that his father was already dead.

—United Press.

Cambridge Force A Draw Against Pakistan

Cambridge, May 14. Cambridge University and Pakistan drew in their three-day match here today. Pakistan declared their first innings closed before lunch at 301, one run ahead of Cambridge's.

The University batsmen scored quickly in their second innings for 207 in 165 minutes and left Pakistan to get 207 runs in 115 minutes for a victory.

A. B. Parsons, a small and compact batsman, made attractive cuts and pulls for a brilliant 86, including nine fours, in 90 minutes. Pakistan's 16-year-old Khalid Hassan fluffed the ball well in taking three for 82.

The Pakistanis were obviously enjoying the cricket. Kardar had taken the opportunity to try some of his less experienced bowlers. There was also some improvement in the fielding until one player at deep cover allowed two powerful drives by Parsons to beat his left hand.

Parsons pulled and hooked well but the best of his strokes was his off-drive. Lunsden was soon taken at mid-on.

CUT TWICE Kardar took no part in the attack until the total was 128. Then Parsons promptly cut him twice in brilliant fashion and sent his score past 50.

Parsons continued in fine style until jumping forward to Khalid Hassan, he was easily caught by Imiaz who alternatively could have stamped him. Parsons made his 60 in 90 minutes, hitting nine fours.

Slingshot, the Indian left-hander, survived only two balls, so hitting only two fours, before change of pace. Eastart and Crookston then hit freely, the latter excelling with the drive and in 30 minutes making 38 of 50 before Bushby declared, setting Pakistan to make 207 runs to win in 115 minutes.

At the close of play, Pakistan had scored 108 runs.—Reuter.

Commonwealth To See Film Of Queen's Return

London, May 14. A colour film recording the Queen's return to London on the final stage of her Commonwealth tour will be shown out to Commonwealth capitals for showing on May 24, it was announced today.

Twenty-three cameramen will be engaged to film the "welcome home" scenes. They will be spread along the banks of the River Thames, on bridges, and along the route the Queen will follow on her drive to Buckingham Palace.

As each section of the film is completed, it will be rushed to a private cinema where author John Pudney will write a commentary.

Music for the film was being recorded at EMI Studios today under the baton of Sir Arthur Bliss. Musical climax of the film will be the composer's own new march, "Welcome to the Queen."

The film will have its world premiere at a London cinema next Thursday.—China Mail Special.

CRICKET IN ENGLAND

London, May 14. The following were the results of matches played today.

At Taunton, Yorkshire beat Somerset by 257 runs. Yorkshire 350 and 171 for seven declared. Somerset 290 and 48 (Appleyard right-arm off-break seven for 16).

At Cardiff, Glamorgan beat Northamptonshire by 202 runs. Glamorgan 288 and 108. Northamptonshire 89 (Shepherd nine for 47) and 105 (McComben five for 10).

At Bristol, Hampshire beat Gloucestershire by an innings and 40 runs. Hampshire 327 (Jones not out 172) Gloucestershire 147 and 140. (Shackleton right-arm fast-medium four for 23, Cannings right-arm fast-medium, four for 20).

At Oxford, Oxford University-Lancashire match drawn. Oxford University 335 for six declared, and 148 for three declared. (Walsh not out 94), Lancashire 255 for nine declared and 227 for seven (Graves not out 94).

At Lords, Middlesex beat Worcestershire by 30 runs. Middlesex 278 and 194 (Dens Compton 113, Perks right-arm fast-medium six for 76), Worcestershire 191 and 251.

At the Oval, Surrey-Leicestershire match abandoned, drawn, owing to rain. Leicestershire 164 and 128, Surrey 873.

At Westfield, Warwickshire beat Essex by 124 runs. Warwickshire 358 for five declared and 199 for five declared (Spooner not out 70), Essex 247 and 100.

At Gravesend, Derbyshire beat Kent by 81 runs. Derbyshire 137 and 316, Kent 338 and 64 (Gladwin right-arm fast-medium five for 22, Jackson right-arm fast-medium five for 24).—Reuter.

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EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES for the COLONY and the FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK, HONGKONG (TRUSTEE) LIMITED

The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong

NOTICE THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of Voting Members will be held at the Club House, Happy Valley, on Friday, 28th May, 1954, at 5.45 p.m. for the purposes of receiving the reports of the Clerk of the Course and the Stewards, of considering, and if thought fit, passing the Accounts for the year ended 31st March, 1954, and of re-appointing the Auditors.

All Members are cordially invited to attend and participate in any discussion which may ensue. They are invited to forward to the Secretary in writing at least seven days before the Meeting is due to take place, any matters which they may wish to bring up for discussion.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

CHURCH NOTICES ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Missions to Seamen, 40 Gloucester Road, Tel. 7421.

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 7.00 p.m. Evening Service. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

H. K. S. P. C. Needs financial support for the sake of poor children

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Office of the Society is situated at Beaconsfield Arcade, Queen's Road Central, Hong Kong.

Members and the Public can contact an Official of the Society by dialling 37870 by day and 87594 by night.

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HONGKONG PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOONS)

Price, 20 cents per copy. Saturdays 20 cents. Subscription: \$6.00 per month.

Postage: China and Macao \$3.00 per month, U.S., British Possessions and other countries \$7.00 per month. News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications, advertisements to the Secretary. Telephone: 26411 (3 lines).

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NOTICE UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG INAUGURAL LECTURE

An Inaugural lecture from the Chair of Physics "Some Recent Developments in Nuclear Physics" will be delivered by Professor R. W. Parsons, B.E., D.Phil., F.S.A.S.M.

on Tuesday, May 18, 1954 at 8.30 p.m. in the Lecture Theatre, Chemistry Building

Members of the University and the Public are invited to attend.

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